

The TATLER

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London
September 15, 1937



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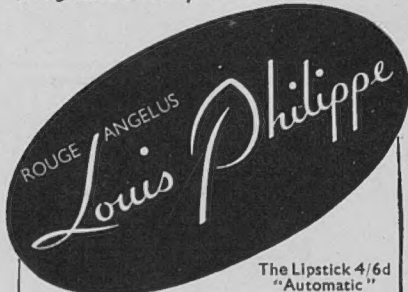


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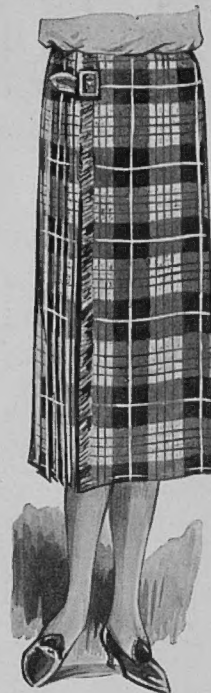
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The TATTLER

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Lenore, George Street, W

LADY MILTON AND HER DAUGHTER, ANNE

Lady Milton, who was married in 1933, is the younger daughter of the Most Reverend the Hon. Benjamin Plunket, formerly Bishop of Meath, and of the late Mrs. Plunket. The little daughter, the Hon. Anne Fitzwilliam, was born in 1935 and is now about two and a half years old. Lord Milton, who is Lord Fitzwilliam's only son, was Master of that famous old Yorkshire pack, the Derwent, and has now been succeeded by Mr. E. Linton Styring



LORD AND LADY WINCHILSEA AT COVENT GARDEN

A snapshot taken on the night Colonel de Basil's renowned Russian Ballet Company—nicely tanned after a few weeks' Riviera holiday—opened their autumn season. In spite of so many people still being away, Covent Garden Opera House was very full, and Lord and Lady Winchilsea were quite lucky to find vacant seats during the first interval. They are both ardent and knowledgeable Ballet fans

And the World said—



MISS RHONA STEWART

Bassano

The younger daughter of Brig.-General Ian Stewart, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Stewart, of Eyton Hall, Leominster, whose marriage to Captain Alec Scott, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, is arranged to take place on September 25. Miss Rhona Stewart's future husband is the younger son of Major and Mrs. R. A. Scott, of Lasborough, Tetbury

MARK TWAIN'S "wagging of the gladsome tongue and flapping of the sympathetic ear" might have been written about Biarritz between the hours of noon and 2 p.m., when the majority begin to think about lunch, although it is not done to sit down before *la demie*, or to be less than seventy minutes late for golf, which explains the four-deep appearance of the first tee at what would be tea-time in Basingstoke. Nice Shelagh Morrison-Bell is waiting to go off, also lively Mrs. Harold Kingsland, and Mr. Hadow, who has taken the Carlises' villa, and Mrs. O'Donnell, who has bought the Bache house at present rented by the (Woolworth) Donahues. French, Spaniards and Argentines predominate, the women dressed just right, the men not quite up to the casual standard set by "Willie" Bleck and Colonel "Charlie" Gerard. There is talk of going to Dax for a bullfight, to St. Jean-Pied-de-Port for *pelota* and to the polo club for Guy du Bourg's party, at which Madame Max Ausnit and Marie Chauvin du Treuil shine in summery dresses under shady trees. There is the Reggie Wrights' party to look forward to, and Sunday lunches at "Jane's" until October, when *la rentrée* deposits these lucky people in London, Paris and New York.

Meanwhile, Scotland takes a personal interest in Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen's recovery, his clever wife being a daughter of Sir Robert Gordon Gilmour, a veteran General of charm who inhabits The Inch at Gilmerton outside the capital. Sir Robert's recent house-full included Lord and Lady Albemarle. His gardens are full of Liliums. As in hats so in blooms, fashion changes. About three years ago

northern gardeners were Meconopsis-mad—blue poppies in rows, in shoals, in lumps, in whiffs, everywhere you looked, with Drapertian comment to visitors sufficiently dumb to be "going round the garden." Now it is Liliums,

and enthusiasts include Sir Robert, Lord Stair at Lochinch, and Sir Thomas Ainsworth at Ardanaisig. September brings raspberries and racing to Scotland. The circuit begins to-day at Ayr, ending on the 27th at Hamilton Park, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's pride and Scotland's best-appointed meeting, where entries are becoming steadily more important. Quintin Gilbey, Rosemary Gilbey, Fergus Forbes, Dorothea Forbes, and "Tony" Lindsay-Hogg have arrived at Killochan Castle for Ayr. Killochan, a shaggy old keep without and the *dernier mot* in luxury within, belongs to George Heneage and his cheerful wife, eldest of the Mann-Thomson quartette. His scheme for a Lido on the coast at Girvan goes into execution next month. A cinema will be built, also a pier, hotel, golf course, amusement park, and concrete *châteaux* with a central meeting place for food

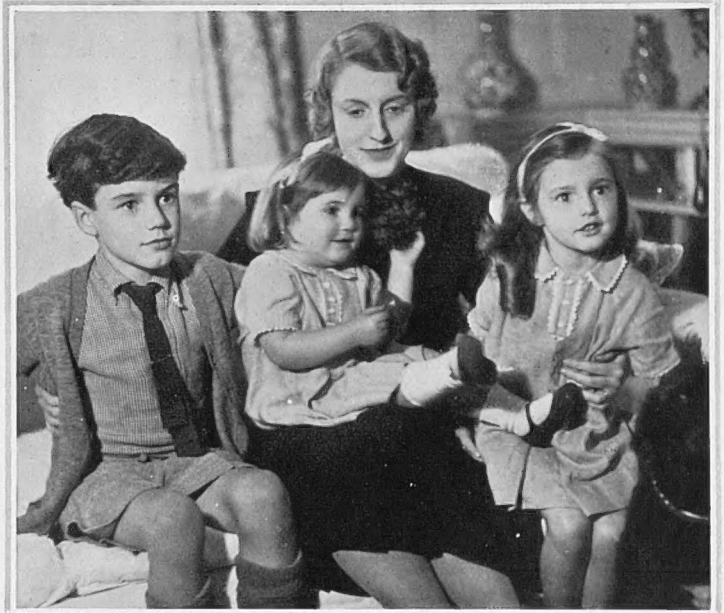


LADY GAGE AND COLONEL DE BASIL

Here, with Lord Gage's attractive wife, is the man whose touch of genius has given back to Ballets Russes the lustre that was theirs in Diaghileff's day. Colonel de Basil's autumn season at Covent Garden opened with an all Russian programme, namely, *Aurora's Wedding*, *Petrouchka*, and *Prince Igor*. Enthusiasm was tremendous

and, of course, a pool—the camper's delight—which reminds me, Lord Darnley, who has been sketching in the Highlands, is the latest to feel the lure of a gypsy life. "Clif" has bought a caravan. This will be parked at Cobham in winter, alongside the hurdy-gurdy which emits, if you turn the handle hard enough, some pleasing tunes composed by its owner. To the tune of the "Wee Herd's Whistle" sheep dogs performed feats of cunning at the trials above Pitlochry. Watching dogs work makes restful occupation for weary shooters who "don't mind telling you" they value an off-day. The heat was great even for Pitlochry, one of the hottest spots (no *double entendre* intended) in all Scotia. Dogs and children predominated, Mrs. Gordon Ramsay bringing a brake full from Farleyer and Mrs. Greville Stevens (Helen Stewart) another nursery. Lord "Hamish" Stewart-Murray, disguised as an American in knickerbockers, came from his "wee hoose" overlooking the Tay, where he gardens in semi-hermetic state. His pastime is country dancing, and to see him step through the intricate Perth Medley is a lesson in mind over toes. Lady Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe with schoolboy son, Sir David, and prospective deb-daughter, and Lord Kinnaird with his parson son-in-law, Hugh Gough, also watched the flocks. That afternoon the sale of work at Auchterarder ("the lang village" known to all who have visited a famous *caravan-serai*) was opened by Lady Kinnaird, while authoress Elizabeth Haldane simultaneously opened the flower show on the other side of the street. A gala day for this dour hamlet. These Perthshire dates were followed by Lady Mar and Kellie's "at home" and by Pitlochry Games—one wild whirl.

The Highlandry are here, there and everywhere upon their native heath. Equally at home afloat are Commander and Mrs. Buller Kitson, whose *Golden Hind* took them to Skye, the ship's company including young Sir "Archie" Hope, of Pinkie, whose only sister, Anne, is now decorating North Berwick. The Kitsons, having let Arnisdale, are at Glencoe, where her sister, Lady Congleton, joins them after taking her big family on a Baltic cruise. The 25th Chief of Clan Cameron (Lochiel to you) has been staying at Dunvegan with another Chieftain(ess)—Mrs. Flora MacLeod of MacLeod. At a distance historic Dunvegan is somewhat forbidding, on a perpendicular rock overhanging the sea, but, considering it is one of the many "oldest inhabited houses" in Scotland there are considerable comforts, and, of course, a ghost or two, ten Macdonalds having been done to death in the dining-



Elwin Neame

FOUR AT A SITTING

Pamela Lady Glenconner with her eight-year-old son, the Hon. James Tennant, and his cousins, Teresa and Susanna Chancellor, daughters of Lady Glenconner's sister, Mrs. Christopher Chancellor. This cheerful and attractive group was taken at Admiral's House, Hampstead, where Lady Glenconner lives when in London.



Lenore

MISS ANN BARLOW

An eighteen-year-old bride-to-be, whose marriage to the Hon. William Bethell, stockbroker younger son of Lord Bethell, is to take place early in October. Miss Ann Barlow is the daughter of Major and Mrs. R. G. B. Barlow. Her father used to be in the Seaforth Highlanders

room. Its treasures include Prince Charlie's waistcoat (not nearly so fine as the Captain of Dunstaffnage's), a lock of his hair and the tattered yellow flag which, used as a signal, sometimes brought help to harassed MacLeods. There was a great deal of harassing in Skye. To-day the harassing thing is when the suitcase containing your ball dress accidentally gets taken off at Isle Ornsay or, as in the memorable case of Mrs. Scott, of Eriden, meets the fathomless depths of Mallaig Bay. Lochiel is a man who does not mind speaking his mind. His Convenorship of Inverness-shire's County Council gives opportunities. Once he roused a storm, saying, "Scotsmen are not such arrant fools as to take Home Rule for Scotland seriously. They know which side their bread is buttered and, what's more, it's much better buttered from London than from Glasgow." A nasty one for the Nationalists! I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ross (Ismay Crichton-Stuart) are honeymooning in Orkney, that Miss MacLean of Ardgour ("Riona" at home) is going to winter in Australia with Lady Strathcona's sister-in-law, Lady Wakehurst, and that Mrs. Noel Wills, who was Margery Fraser, has an air-minded daughter, Theodora, who took her ticket some time ago. Her Angela and her little Audrey will soon reach the debutante age.

some time ago. Her Angela and her little Audrey will soon reach the debutante age.

From the West Country comes news that Colonel Francis Balfour and his wife, who is Lord Goschen's daughter, have settled into their new home near Ross, a black and white Herefordshire house where they garden enthusiastically. Lord Goschen was the unlucky peer who lost his lunch at the Coronation, and on asking his neighbour in the Abbey to let him share sandwiches was given one very small chocolate biscuit. Which takes the cake. In Gloucestershire Sir Launcelot and Lady

(Continued overleaf)



Sasha

CELEBRATING AT THE SAVOY

Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, Maurice Chevalier and Adèle Astaire at a party given by Jack Buchanan, Maurice Chevalier and René Clair to celebrate their joint concern, together with Lord Charles Cavendish's wife, in a new picture being made at Pinewood. René Clair, of course, directs. Since her marriage, which took place in 1932, the Duke of Devonshire's daughter-in-law has done no acting and she admits to being nervous about her first screen adventure. Without cause, surely?

And the World said—continued

Crawley-Boevey have had friends staying at Flaxley Abbey, which dates from the reign of John and was a Cistercian monastery. It possesses the only monks' buttery in the West, and was visited more than once by Swift. The *châtelaine*, who has fresh-air good looks, motors herself to race meetings all over the place. Sir Launcelot's hobby is lawn tennis, which he plays above garden party form.

The tennis standard in "Longuyland," as Walter Winchell calls Long Island, is higher than ours, but as September advances the programme there reads polo, parties and more polo. Hunters at two shows were judged by the Master of the Harford County—Harvey Ladew—who enjoyed coronating more than any American bachelor, and held the all-time high for attendance at London routs. Back in Maryland, where cubbing has started, he was host to Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson of Invercauld, whose visits to "Longuyland" were crowned with popularity. She stayed at Sands Point, and was muchly entertained. The amusing Bohemian set there includes Neysa McMein, whose heads of fascinatin' gals adorn many magazine covers, Dick ("My Heart Stood Still" and other smash hits) Rogers, and "Eddie" Wasserman, whose party for Myrtle was pretty gay with Marie de St. Phalle, Prince Chavchavadze *et aliis*. One of the best evenings in her honour was Mary Brown Warburton's musicale. This hostess has the knack of assembling entertaining people from stage and "sassieté," and, what is more, she knows how to make stars entertain non-starters. Lord and Lady Mandeville were staying with Mr. W. A. Julian, Treasurer of the United States, at Glen Falls, and Lord Camoys' heir, Sherman Stonor, has been shown to Newport by his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Watts Sherman, of the Old School. Another eligible being introduced to glamour girls is "Franz" von Hohenlohe, Stephanie's tall, dark and handsome son, and, talking of "tall, dark and handsome," what a moment that was when Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin greeted Sophie Tucker at the Piping Rock Club in Saratoga. Both are great personalities, one in the conservative racing world, the other on the dais of a thousand niteries. "Soph, ole gal," sang a new number called "Sophie Tucker's Red Hot Remedy," which promises to be nearly as popular as her first "Yiddisher Moma." Meanwhile, Mrs. Iselin's "Strabo" had run and lost, and Mrs. Dodge Sloane acquired a chestnut son of "Cohort"—"True Flier"—at the sales. Isabel Sloane's Palm Beach patio was wide open to the British invasion last spring. Saratoga missed the radiant "Liz" Altemus (Mrs. "Jock" Whitney), whose

screen career is about to begin. She had to give up her adored racing to have those already flawless teeth straightened and further tests made in Hollywood. "Liz" still toys with the prospect of playing "Scarlett," the tempestuous Southern heroine of "Gone with the Wind." Meanwhile, the suggested stage "Scarlett" has ceased to be Tallulah Bankhead. "Connie" Bennett and Contessa "Dorothy" di Frasso, partners in a face-cream company and friends in real life, have deserted their native beaches for U-rope, but Roxana Bowen Van Rensselaer,

who has lived in London and hunted at Melton for umpteenth seasons, made the reverse trip, for once in many whiles. To-day (September 15) was the first semi-final of the polo carnival for which Lord Cowdray crossed over, and the Waterbury Cup tournament opens Saturday. Greentree, which won the last two years, again consists of "Pete" Bostwick, Gerald Balding, "Tommy" Hitchcock and "Jock" Whitney—total, 31 goals. Eric Pedley is returning from California for the first time since '34 to play for Templeton with the two Guests and Humphrey Guinness. Another English international, "Pat" Roark, is on Aurora's side. The Texas star, Cecil Smith, who has not played in the North for two years, is one big draw. He will team with "Mike" Phipps, Stewart Iglehart and C. V. Whitney—Phipps and Iglehart being well known on English grounds. The two Gerrys, R. E. Strawbridge, jun., and "Billy" Post, are a side, and the chief challenge to local talent comes from Argentina. 1937 Waterbury Cup play will be a wonderful sight. Did you know, I wonder, that not only was George Gershwin a budding artist but he had a fine collection of modern paintings which he left to the Modern Art Museum, New York, or that Mrs. "President" Roosevelt, who is learning to fly, had her first lessons from the late Amelia Earhart?

From Varna, the Deauville of the Balkan Peninsula, I hear the British fleet is "in," and likely to be well fêted, as great preparations were made to entertain H.M.S. *Delhi* and other units to quail shooting, cards (Bulgarians are the best bridge players of Europe), and aquatics. King Boris, who has arrived from his summer palace outside Sofia, is like any other proud papa in his joy over Simeon, Prince Tyrnovo and heir to the throne. The baby and his mother are staying on at the summer palace, where the gardener King grows acres of Japanese Iris Kaempheri. Sofia's diplomatists and more of the *Corps* from Belgrade have transferred to Varna, and are bathing in the Black Sea, which is not black but blue, its shores dotted with fruit trees. The vine-growing hinterland rivals the rich Crimea, and is a contrast from Rumania's barren portion of the same seaside. The British Counsellor from Bucharest, Harold Farquhar, and his polyglot wife, have been staying with the Stancioffs at the Villa des Trois-Sources, which is to Varna what La Ferme du Coteau is to Deauville and Castel Merétmont to Biarritz. Mr. Farquhar's claims to fame include his flight home from Mexico last year via China and Russia, alone with a mechanic. More Balkan news is that Queen Marie of Rumania, though fragile since her illness, enjoys country life at the Castle of Bran in Transylvania.



PLAYING PATIENCE AT NORTH BERWICK

Lady Helen O'Brien, Mrs. Julian Steele, the Hon. Mrs. Gibbs, her husband, Colonel Launcelot Gibbs, A.A.G., and General Sir William Pulteney, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, waiting for their turn to get going on the North Berwick links, where the traffic problem is pretty acute just now. Lord Haddington's sister, Lady Helen O'Brien, usually pays North Berwick a visit at this time of year. The Hon. Mrs. Gibbs, whose husband used to be in the Coldstream, is Lord Farnham's elder daughter

By wire from Doncaster. The first day was lovely but everyone lost; Leger Day less ideal climatically but five favourites came in. Lots of people on "Chulmleigh" at 18 to 1 created that champagne atmosphere. Lady Mary Dunn, the Aga Khan, and Lord Londonderry arrived by air. Lord Sefton and Lady Maureen Stanley were in her father-in-law's box. Lady Irene Haig and fair-haired Miss Primrose Harbord were two of the season's most attractive debbs. Lady Irene's cavalier was Lord Andrew Cavendish, who belongs to the rising racing generation.

AT THE ABOYNE

MISS "BUNTIE" SOAMES WITH MISS
JEAN HAMILTON OF SKENELADY SEMPILL AND HER DAUGHTERS, THE HONS.
MARGARET AND ELIZABETH FORBES-SEMPILL

HIGHLAND GAMES

MISS BRIDGET SMILEY AND
MR. TOM MONTGOMERIELORD ABERDEEN, LORD HUNTLY
AND MRS. GORDON DUNCANMRS. FARQUHARSON OF INVER-
CAULD AND MISS DIANA BETHELLMISS THERESA MORGAN
AND MR. TOM FARQUHAR

This year's Aboyne Highland Games saw the new Marquess of Huntly act as Chieftain for the first time on what was also his first visit to this famous Gathering. There was one very moving happening: the piping of "The Children's Lament for the Chief" in memory of the late Cock o' the North, one of the founders of the Aboyne Games, who died in February. The new Cock o' the North is seen with Lord Aberdeen and Mrs. Gordon Duncan, who was Lord Huntly's hostess at a pre-Gathering luncheon party. Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, who was photographed with the Hon. Mrs. Beck's daughter, reverted to her maiden name on inheriting the Aberdeenshire estates of her father, the late Colonel Alexander Haldane Farquharson. Members of the Farquharson clan recently assembled at Invercauld to pay their respects to their Lady. Mr. Tom Farquhar's father is Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar of Acheron, Aboyne, and Miss Theresa Morgan's mother is Mrs. Douglas Campbell. Turning to the top row of pictures we find an Aberdeenshire well-known, Miss Jean Hamilton, with Captain Granville Soames' eldest daughter; Lord Sempill's two sisters and their mother, over from Fintray House, and, on the right, Mrs. Denton Carlisle's ex-deb. daughter, Miss Bridget Smiley, with Mr. Tom Montgomerie. Miss Smiley stayed with the Burnetts at Crathes Castle for the Games

THE CINEMA

"Wake Up and Live"

By JAMES AGATE

HOLLYWOOD scenarists having seemingly run dry of excuses for song and dance shows, the captains of the celluloid industry have now decided to make a film out of the wise-cracking warfare that goes on in actual life between two real, live, flesh-and-blood radio personalities. *Wake Up and Live*, the much-advertised and vaunted film at the Gaumont Theatre in the Haymarket, is described by the publicity experts of Twentieth Century Fox as "The quip-cracking championship of the world with Walter Winchell, the Whirlwind Wisecracker, versus Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro of Repartée." Ben Bernie's Orchestra you have no doubt heard on the ether, or on gramophone records. Walter Winchell, actor, journalist, much-feared columnist, is the bogey-man of New York Socialites and Hollywood Nonentities. His "Flash! Walter Winchell is speaking to Mr. and Mrs. America" over the American Radio brings as much delight to the scandal-loving housewives of York Town Heights and Wisconsin over their Sunday evening suppers, as it brings fear and trepidation to the lovelies of Fifth Avenue, New York, and to the habituées of the "Brown Derby," Hollywood, over their champagne and caviare. "Ware the Winchell" seems to be the watchword of every American celebrity, small or big. Let him get any lowdown on you in his columns (and if there is any to be got he will get it) and you're sunk—or made! Yowsir! Flash!

Why didn't we think of it first? What an improvement if British Quota films would adopt the same idea of making films about actual people. The idea seems to me to be full of endlessly amusing possibilities. What casts or miscasts I could get together! I might even be tempted to offer my own services in front of a camera and get a lot of things off my over-burdened chest.

But perhaps I should prove to be just as shy of the camera as one of the heroes of this film is shy of the microphone. To Bernie the very small piece of metal dangling from the air takes on the mortifying aspect of a fire-breathing, monstrous ogre the moment he opens his mouth in front of it. He is one of those rare cases of Microphone Fright. Would, alas! that there were many more. Then perhaps we might be spared the sick mooing of crooners and the strident, hard-necked braying of torch-singers that passes for music. And all noises which set the feet of romantic clerks tapping and causes the hips of adoring shopgirls to wag rhythmically in their one-and-sixpenny seats.

This film abounds in the wise-cracks we have learned to expect from the smarter American comedies. Winchell, no newcomer to the screen, snaps of Bernie, "There is only one thing which stops him from becoming President. They could never get his head on a three-cent stamp." Of Winchell, Bernie says, "The Winchell Fan Club will hold their annual bridge tournament to-night—if they can get a fourth." Ned Sparks, lugubrious as ever in the part of scout to Winchell, helps the wise-cracking along what time the others are resting. In Bernie's defence he says that it is wrong to say that the band-leader is two-faced. He'd never choose to wear the face he does if he were! And so the battle goes on. But many wise-cracks do not make a super-feature film, and, let it be said, they do not make *Wake Up and Live* much more amusing. Fortunately, the combatants are aided and abetted by a very able gang of lieutenants. In addition to the snappy dancing of the Condos Brothers with an even snappier bevy of dancing beauties, and the elastic-faced buffoonery of a lanky rumba dancer whose feet slide all over the glass ball-room floor, there is sharp-tongued Patsy Kelly, saviour of many other films, doing yeoman service as Walter Winchell's "Girl Friday." Her usual partner, Jack Haley, is her brother in

this film. He is the phantom troubadour whose voice, coming mysteriously over the air each evening in the Ben Bernie programme, causes all the trouble. Bernie and Winchell, trying to get one over on each other, fight long and loud to discover the identity of the unknown singer whose vocal vagaries are causing such a flutter in the dovescotes of radio listeners' hearts. Actually he is an ex-vaudeville actor now employed as an attendant in New York's Radio Center, the edifice which sends out the multitudinous advertising programmes on the ether.

The most amusing part of the film, incidentally, is the delicious satire on the Radio City of New York. I had the pleasure while over in America of being shown round Radio City, and so much perfect flunkeying and explaining and general "guiding" as goes on in this highly sumptuous building never did I meet! In this film the behaviour of the staff makes the smooth courtesy of the British Broadcasting House in Portland Place seem like a rough-house. And no troupe of girl guides or Brownies could be more afraid of or more obedient to their leader than are these attendants to their chief. The discipline is more severe than in any Foreign Legion. The particular attendant whose chief phobia is a "live" microphone has been slipping unnoticed into an empty studio and singing into what he thought was a dead "mike." Had he known that it was connected not a sound would have come forth from his throat. His girl friend, Alice Faye, just conveniently sacked from the Radio Center, discovers not only his capabilities but his identity, and for a huge figure guarantees to get him to appear personally. For a few nights she trains him to cure himself from this silly microphone nonsense—as a change from the heroine curing the otherwise wonderful hero from drink—by getting him to sing into a specially connected microphone in her flat. Ignorant of the existence of a million listeners he is, of course, just "the tops." When the right moment comes he manages, after many amusing difficulties, to appear with the band and beat that Ol' Devil Mike! Jack Haley, more pleasant than most crooners, has a part more worthy of his talents, and in a quiet, inoffensive, pop-eyed, pathetic way manages to steal the film from big shots Bernie and Winchell. Alice Faye sings quite a few songs quite well, including the title song, "Wake Up and Live," though how anybody could be expected to be other than violently awake, with all the noise and shouting that goes on, passes my comprehension. Another of her songs, "There's a Lull in My Life," is guaranteed to give lumps in the throat to all romantic shop-girls and clerks for many months to come.

The film is supported, if support is the word, by an old-time Western Drama brought unnecessarily up to date. Instead of the old cattle thief there is his modern counterpart, the racketeer. This time his racket consists of forcing unwilling and penurious motor firms to join his "protective" union. The husky hero, an ex-speed ace, chances upon the town, and for the love of a good woman cleans up the racket, breaking several hearts and heads as he goes. He puts the racketeer just where he belongs. The film belongs to the same place.

In the interval a charming lady seated at an organ appears wondrously from nowhere, does majestic execution upon it, and disappears again as wondrously. But I still maintain that in spite of thousands of pounds' worth of gilded contraptions cinema organs still fail to make as much noise as the organs of the fair ground at Hampstead Heath on even a wet Bank Holiday!

* * *
The Farr-Louis fight has been shown in the news pictures at The Tatler Cinema since Thursday, September 9. This theatre is the only News theatre showing the fight film.



POLA NEGRI IN "MADAME BOVARY"

The film on Gustave Flaubert's romance of provincial life, which, incidentally, became the subject of a prosecution, is being made in Germany with the famous star in the name part

ON ADRIATIC SHORES— PICTURES FROM DUBROVNIK



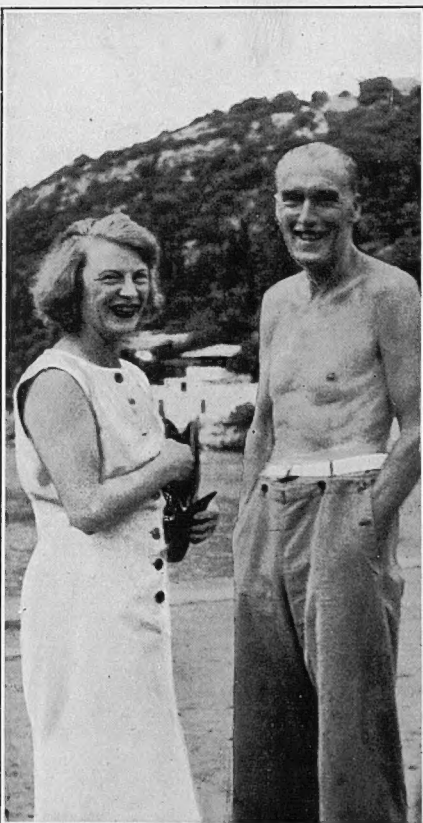
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT AND
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD



MISS ROSEMARY SEGRAVE
AND A FRIEND



PRINCESS BAGRATION AND H.R.H.
THE DUCHESS OF KENT



MAJOR IAN HAY BEITH
AND MRS. BEITH



MR. A. GAZIVODA, LADY BETTY BALDWIN,
MRS. REGNAULT AND CAPTAIN M. ZUANIC



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN
HANBURY-TRACY

T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent have been staying at Cavtat, at the villa of Mr. and Mrs. Barmac ; they are seen above in Dubrovnik, which they visited recently. Mrs. Marshall Field is the former Miss Audrey James, a daughter of the late Mrs. Brinton, the former Mrs. Willie James. Miss Rosemary Segrave and her companion were sailing with Mr. John Hanbury-Tracy and his wife. The latter is Lord Arundell's eldest daughter; an ancestor of hers was founder of one of the oldest packs of foxhounds in England; he hunted the fox from Wardour Castle in 1690 and it was this pack that Hugo Meynell bought from his descendant in 1782. Major Beith needs no introduction, unless there be any who have not heard of Ian Hay. Mr. Gazivoda is attached to the Yugoslavian Legation in London, and Lady Betty Baldwin is Earl Baldwin's younger daughter

Racing Ragout

By
"GUARDRAIL"



AT THE NEWTON ABBOT
'CHASES

They had glorious weather, a big crowd and a well-filled card for the jump meeting at Newton Abbot last week, so what more could anyone demand? Above are Lady Slade, wife of Sir Alfred Slade, and Mr. Ivor Ashworth, who was third on his own horse in the Highweight Handicap 'Chase

IT seems odd to come back south to Doncaster and find practically an official drought in progress with the going all over England as hard as asphalt after being soaked through literally to the skin three



A LEGER DAY SNAPSHOT:
MISS ROSEMARY DE WEND
FENTON

A member of the well-known Yorkshire family, almost all of whom—like all the other inhabitants of that very sporting Shire—have had to do with hunting horses and racing horses most of their days

outstanding animal, but Lord Adare's Pharos colt, Lord Furness's Blandford colt, and the Sledmere Solario filly appeared to be the experts' selection. I liked the Spike Island colt best. I cannot leave the subject of the sales without mention of his Lordship's paddock costume, particularly as I understand that not only is it copyright but only half an acre of the cloth was woven and the model destroyed.

The defeat of Mirza II in the Champagne Stakes did not come altogether as a surprise. It was the manner of it that was the surprise. It had been thought that if he were beaten it would be because he didn't get the sixth furlong, but he stayed every yard of it, and was always being beaten by a yet better horse. The winner is a charming horse with size and scope, and the popularity of his owner was reflected in the handclapping the horse got on his return to unsaddle. He is a sure winter favourite for the Derby. Perhaps the only fly in the ointment was that Golden Sovereign was only two lengths farther away, which puts Tahir and Seventh Wonder rather close up. The winner has, however, greater scope for improvement before next year.

The luck of the game is exemplified here, in that Sir Humphrey would have sent the horse up to the sales as a yearling, but he picked up a nail or went amiss in some way, so he kept him in training himself. There could have been no more popular winner of the Leger than Lord Glanely, and no one who could have been more appreciative. It is a nice leg-up, too, for his sire Singapore. The race appeared to be very truly run, with Maranta making most of the running. He stayed on well when tackled by Solfo, Goya and the Aga's horse, but at the distance Fair Copy came out with a clear lead and looked all over a winner till Gordon Richards, who rode a most faultless race, came and ran him out of it. Fair Copy looked better than he has looked all the season, as did Solfo, but I don't think by any stretch of imagination could they be called a nice field of horses. It is too much like hard work to expect

a trainer or ordinary racegoer to watch eight races as well as attend the sales morning and evening. It gives one no

time at all for meals, yet I would not like to see the selling plates done away with in practice as they are for Doncaster, because the winner is generally not difficult to find. At the same time, the Wentworth Woodhouse Sweepstakes is such a sporting affair and has provided such a good race that it should be made an institution. In this connection I may mention that one of the stipulations is that the animals must not have cost more than £200, which all goes to help buyers of the "small and early variety."

days running. I have written about stalking in these columns before, but the reasons for it have only just been borne in on me. They are entirely humanitarian, caused by the desire to end as painlessly as possible an existence of misery of mooching aimlessly with a stag party for nine months in the year. Living on very moderate grass is bad enough, but the horror of living perpetually in soaking wet buckskin can only be appreciated by those who have worn leathers on a streaming wet Saturday in the Belvoir Vale.

Doncaster itself is much the same as ever, with the exception that the bar like a bandstand in the middle of the paddocks has now been shifted to the end of the stands. May we suggest as another innovation that a further twenty yards should be cut off the paddocks and added to the car park in order to allow parking space for, anyway, two-thirds of the sale goers. Considering the amount of buyers who went to market at Deauville and the "tone" in the City which has such an enormous influence on bloodstock sales, prices as a whole ruled pretty good. It is an amazing thing how new buyers and owners come into the game each year, and, even if they don't stay long, circulate money. When they fade out from disappointment, boredom or lack of cash, there are always new ones to take their places. Take the case of a gentleman who, owning no horses, on a sudden urge bid for, and got, the winner of a very obscure selling plate. The late owner in these cases is not generally very helpful in the matter of clothing or assistance, and it is rather hard to know what to do with one animal for whom one has no home or food except what sugar one can pinch out of the restaurant. A jumping trainer volunteered to take it over, and within a fortnight got an order from the gentleman to go and buy horses up to a sum with so many noughts in it that, having but seldom dealt above double figures before, he thought there must have been bubbles in the ink. If I were told the name of the trainer aright I am sure he will buy the right stuff and do very well.

There did not seem in the paddocks to be any one really



MAJOR AND MRS. J. R. RITCHIE
AT NEWTON ABBOT

Two more of the people who were at the excellent 'chasing meeting they had at Newton Abbot last week. Gerry Wilson had a good time on the first day—a winner and a runner-up—and some more of the cracks were also riding

DOINGS UP IN THE NORTH



AT LORD COWDRAY'S HOUSE-PARTY AT DUNECHT

Some of Lord Cowdray's guests (l. to r., back row): the Hon. Daphne Pearson, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Mr. Richard Cavendish, Miss Suzanne du Boulay, Miss Pamela Lloyd Thomas. (In front) Miss Rosamund Broughton and Miss Primula Rollo

LORD HADDINGTON
AT NORTH BERWICK

Balmain

AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS STRICKLAND,
MR. PETER CAMERON AND LADY DAPHNE HAY

Balmain

AT A GARDEN FÊTE AT MELROSE: MR. NORMAN MACMILLAN, LADY
BRIDGET ELLIOT, LADY IRENE HAIG AND LADY WILLA ELLIOT

Claperton

The drift to the North is accountable for all these pictures, and with the deer-stalking, the Games, and also the grouse in full spate, it is in keeping that the never-sleeping camera should be kept extra-busy. Some of Lord Cowdray's young party are in the top picture, including his sister, the Hon. Daphne Pearson, Mr. Bill and Lady Kathleen Rollo's daughter Primula, Sir Delves and Lady Broughton's daughter Rosamund, and Lord Lovat's only brother and heir-presumptive. The North Berwick picture of Lord Haddington and the one below, on left, were taken at the Old Club Meeting, at which he was competing. The Garden Fête at the Pavilion, Melrose, was in aid of the Border Nursing Association. Lady Bridget and Lady Willa Elliot are Lord and Lady Minto's daughters, and Lady Irene Haig, in the same group with Mr. Norman Macmillan, is Lord Haig's youngest sister, and they were all assisting the good work

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



MR. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM AT
"ALMA" WEEK IN GUERNSEY

The famous author has a villa in Guernsey, Le Vauquédor, and is here seen at the trooping of the colour ceremony of the 2nd Battn., Sherwood Foresters (95th Foot) at the Alma Week celebrations in commemoration of the gallant conduct of the regiment at the famous battle

need to be looked after. Generally, however, they don't want you. They have their own lives to live, and for them, as for too many others, the margin between comparative ease and haunting anxiety is very, very slight. I dislike the parents who consciously keep a daughter at home to administer to their needs alone, though I confess it is very human to desire to do so. But among the saddest cases of all are the very poor who, after a long life of toil, find themselves, when effort and resistance are nil, cast back upon a world which has no need of them, cannot use them, and doesn't know what to do with them anyway. Say what one will, poverty is unconsciously regarded as a disgrace, and to live to be dependent is to commit at least the eighth deadly sin. Consequently, the old work-house for the aged was regarded by the poor as worse than death and without death's dignity and victory of "escape." And well they might dread it, since it represented nearly everything which makes old age and infirmity a daily horror. Just enough food, just enough comfort, more than enough uniformity, freedom denied, an unnecessary discipline maintained—mostly for the sake of discipline—no privacy, and over all the deadly atmosphere of that kind of charity which stinks in the nostrils of kindly folk. Things have improved somewhat, I believe, but not

The Old and the Infirm.

TO be old, to be infirm, and to be penniless is surely one of the most dire fates which can possibly afflict men and women. It is bad enough to be old, it is worse to be infirm, but it is worst of all to be obliged to endure both, with none of the creature comforts which alone make them endurable—or very nearly. Relations usually don't want you, or, if they may wish to want you, they can't look after you as you

sufficiently to make the work-house by any other name smell a little of carbolic.

Thus I was interested to read a little pamphlet, written by Miss Olive Mathews, called "House the Infirm" (W. H. Smith and Son; 9d.), which seeks to point the way to greater and greater improvement without—lest the Poor Law authorities take fright—much additional expense. Nearly all her suggestions come from practical experience and her own observation, and all the improvements spring simply from a kindlier, more humane, more understanding treatment of poor old men and women, too old and too ill to work any more; old folk who can no longer fend for themselves. Yet nearly all the reforms she advocates are very simple innovations—real innovations usually are! For example, smaller and more homely institutions scattered more frequently about the country, so that the poor inmates can be nearer to those they love and to whom they "belong"—so necessary for the happiness of all old people; curtained cubicles in the sleeping quarters, where the old folk may place the few small mementoes of their past life; a few small sitting-rooms, instead of one huge mausoleum of a room; a little garden plot for each man, a little less uniformity of costume for each woman; more frequent visiting afternoons, a greater encouragement given to outsiders to take a personal interest in those inside the institution; a little pocket-money; a little less unnecessary discipline. And in everything else, especially where Government or councils or local committees

are concerned, a deliberate cutting of red tape. After all, we owe these small, human, sympathetic reforms to the poor and the infirm as fellow human beings who have come to the end of life's often tragically difficult way. Their only "crime" is to be poor and to be infirm. And although the Old Age Pension is excellent, it is rarely enough to keep body and soul together when the rent has been paid. We are so kind to the heathen—so long as somebody else does it for us; we are becoming kinder and kinder to the criminal; but towards the very old and infirm, who at the same time are penniless—no matter how many long years of honest toil they have lived through—we are too content to give them merely an Institution, with all that the name implies in everything which would drive us ourselves to desperation.

Here, then, is a little book which does at any rate help to show us how much kinder we might be to those who need and deserve all the kindness we can give them. The only reforms it advocates are the reforms prompted by human understanding and human sympathy, perhaps, however, the biggest and most difficult reforms of all where public institutions are concerned. And they would cost so very little more—lest that bugbear should terrify the rate-payers. For instance, if these institutions for the poor and infirm were made more home-like and less institutional, there is no doubt that many an old age pensioner would gladly seek refuge there as a paying guest. Many hospitals find the paying patient a substantial form of income—so why, as Miss Mathews suggests, should not the poor and the infirm find such a system a godsend in their old age? Even the not-so-very-poor—if these Institutions became a really pleasant home for old people (and why not?). She declares: "There are three good reasons for trying to set up a system of this

kind. First, it would meet an urgent need. There are many middle-class families who do not know how to deal with one of their family who has become senile or slightly mental. They have not the time or the special skill to look after the patient at home. . . . The life of large families may be spoilt by the constant presence of difficult cases of this kind in their homes, requiring constant care and vigilance. They would gladly pay a reasonable amount if they felt sure their relatives would receive kindly attention in an Institution from a staff trained to understand and to deal sympathetically with such cases." (Continued on page 476)



H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF
SOUTH AFRICA AND LADY DUNCAN

Sir Patrick Duncan, the former Minister of Mines in South Africa, was appointed to succeed Lord Clarendon as Governor-General, and was sworn in at Cape Town on April 5 this year. The above picture of H.E. and Lady Duncan was recently taken at Government House, Pretoria

A STAGE EVENT AND SPORTING OCCASIONS



ROBERT MORLEY'S NEW PLAY: "GOODNESS, HOW SAD," PRODUCED AT PERRANPORTH

From left to right: Frith Banbury as Peter Thropp, Pauline Letts as Carol Sands, Constance Lorne as Mrs. Priskin, Peter Bull as Captain Angst, Judith Furse as Christine Lawford, and Pamela Govan as Mrs. Angst

For the second successive season Peter Bull has ably presented a London company in a series of plays at the Perranporth (Cornwall) Summer Theatre. In 1936 actor-dramatist Robert Morley was a member of the company, and this year Mr. Morley—playing opposite Diana Wynyard in "Pygmalion" at the Old Vic next week—honoured Perranporth by insisting that his new comedy, "Goodness How Sad," should make its stage debut there. It has had a terrific success and comes to London in the autumn. Frith Banbury was in the "Oscar Wilde" production which starred Robert Morley at the Gate Theatre; Pauline Letts is a high-light of Coventry Repertory; Constance Lorne has played lead at the Gate; Peter Bull, one of whose latest films is "Knight Without Armour," played Amnon in "The Boy David," which Judith Furse assisted Komisarjevsky in producing. Pamela Govan has stage-managed with success



AT THE BRACKLEY SHOW: MR. R. FIELD-MARSHAM, M.F.H., AND HIS WIFE



FISHING IN INVERNESS-SHIRE: MR. EDMUND PATERSON ROTHSCILD AND MISS MARIE FITZGERALD



JUDGING HUNTERS: MAJOR LYON AND THE HON. MRS. HASTINGS

That important Grafton event, the Brackley Horse Show, kept up its reputation for quality and quantity this year. The setting was Turweston, the home of Captain and Mrs. Dick Agnew, and, as usual, all the locals and not so locals were there in force. Mr. R. Field-Marsham is Master and Huntsman of the Bicester, and a very neighbouring Master, for Brackley is only just out of his country and his hounds often run there. He took over last season, and is being a great success. Major Ted Lyon, a former Master of the Atherstone, and now a Grafton riding light, shared the duty of judging ladies' hunters with the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, Lord Huntingdon's sister-in-law. The remaining photograph shows lucky guests at Dochfour, which Mrs. Arthur Sassoon has rented from Lady Burton this season

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Indeed, Miss Mathews has written, it seems to me, a very practical and suggestive little book on a problem which is crying to be solved, but, alas! is not commonly associated among the "salvoes" of Good Works. Old age is not a popular subject. Perhaps this may be the reason of the world's indifference to old age's human needs. Unless, of course, they represent a "legacy." But then I am getting cynical, and, at the moment, it is far too hot and the world too beautiful to be anything but an optimist.

The Mind of a Child.

How rare it is to come across a story about children which doesn't leave the impression of being the result of an adult playing at childhood! So many children's books are totally unconvincing as a revelation of the child-mind. Mothers simply love to read them, but I am quite sure that most of the children to whom they are read only endure them as a compliment to mother. Especially the pretty-pretty, which rarely appeals to the very young. In their strange way, most children are realists—especially when it comes to fairy-stories. That is why, after the usual turmoil of a fairy-tale, the legendary author abruptly leaves off with the unconvincing information that "they lived happily ever after." Alas! this is exactly where most authors of modern fiction for children begin. The result, consequently, is boringly lace-frills-and-baby-ribbon. However, I have just finished reading a story—"They Came Like Swallows" (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.), by Mr. William Maxwell—which struck me as being as nearly a reflection of the child-mind and of real children as I have come across for a long time—remembering my own childhood. It contains very little plot, but it is most charmingly written. And it is near enough to the old-fashioned style of story about children for the most lovable character in the book to meet an untimely death. And children are very fond of a "death"—say what you will. Look at the popularity of funerals in the garden, even in these days, when the study of child-psychology would lead them relentlessly along the milk-and-water way. The two chief characters of the story, however, are two little boys. One is highly sensitive, timid, rather the mother's "pet"; the kind of child who will suffer in life, no matter how much adults try to release its "repressions." Born to suffering, no matter what is done to understand and sympathise with its point of feeling—rather than point of view.

The other boy is more commonplace, and so more "typical" of boyhood. He is noisy and untidy and impatient. A little bit of a bully, because of this impatience. He lives for games and for fighting for his "rights," enjoying both with a zest which somewhat upsets the composure of his home-life. Nevertheless, he is very much the unconscious hero. Valiantly he fights to lead a normal boy's life, while suffering

from the loss of a leg due to an accident when he was a baby. A Victorian novelist would certainly have made him a little angel-with-a-crutch. Mr. Maxwell is more true to boyhood. He makes him forget his handicap whenever he can, and never to remember it with lamentation. Which, to my mind, is the way of a real hero, though it may not be the kind of heroism which invites a too-easy, and so more general, popularity among kindly-disposed adults. And hovering around this little story of a few years in the lives of these two small boys there are the parents, the uncles and aunts, the playmates—each one vividly drawn and pleasantly familiar in their grown-up idiosyncrasies. But the charm of the story really consists in the subtle way in which the writer has mingled the inner and the outer life of both children, so that, although each is separate, both mingle to form a complete existence. While, as I wrote above, the story is so delightfully written that it is a pleasure to read, quite apart from the tender analysis of two so different little boys.

A Welcome Sequel.

I don't know why Lady Clodagh Anson has chosen to publish her new volume of interesting and most readable reminiscences privately—at least, I don't know why when I recollect the number of dull to dullish reminiscences which are published in the official manner of publication. At any rate, I take it you can and you should obtain "Another Book" (12s. 6d.) from the writer at 8, Ranelagh Grove, S.W.1. The first part of the book consists of "memories" of her younger days spent in London, Ireland, and abroad. Without being one long series of good stories, each memory

does make a good story because it is either amusing or delightfully personal. For instance, as showing how Queen Victoria was easily influenced by her servants, there is the account given by Lord William Beresford of how the Indian "Munshi," who had been brought in to teach the Queen Hindustani after being proclaimed Empress, got round her Majesty to ask Lady Lansdowne, wife of the then Viceroy of India, to call upon his wife. Now of course no Vicereine ever calls upon anyone—they call upon her. But when this was discreetly broken to the Queen she was very put out and said: "I think Lord William Beresford has been too long out in India," and never forgave him. There is also another account of how the Queen grew suddenly distinctly "cold" towards the then Duke of Beaufort because, when in attendance upon her Majesty, he elbowed out John Brown, who tried to take his place when the Duke was helping the Queen into her carriage. In fact, the whole of the first part of the book is full of gossiping sidelights into the old aristocratic world of her youth; never pointless gossip, moreover, and often most amusing.

The second half of the book is devoted to stories of ex-prisoners, down-and-outs, youthful criminals, and all those to whom she has devoted her later life as guide, helper, and willing friend. No wonder they love her! Some may let her down, but she never allows herself to stay "down," and this is probably the secret of her influence among them. Entirely unconventional, with not the least use for pomposity in any form, she is, even in her book, the nicest and liveliest of companions. An influential personage or a poor charlady are all the same to her in her friendly attitude towards them. And she is often so shrewd in her criticisms of Authority-being-Authoritative that I can well believe she is none too popular among them.



ROMANCE IN VIENNA: Mlle. NORA GRIGOR AND (INSET) PRINCE VON STARHEMBERG

It is reported that the former Vice-Chancellor of Austria, Prince Ernst Rudiger von Starhemberg, whose private army, the Heimwehr, was disbanded last year when he retired from the political arena, is to marry Mlle. Nora Grigor, a beautiful actress. The Prince and his first wife, Princess Maria Elizabeth, Countess Salm Reifferscheidt Raitz, made a joint plea for annulment on the grounds that before marriage they decided against having children, and that according to the Roman Catholic Canonical Law such a marriage was invalid. This plea was recently accepted by the Ecclesiastical High Court in Salzburg. Prince von Starhemberg is the last of a line which has been noble for 1000 years. Austrian-born Mlle. Grigor has acted under Max Reinhardt, starred in Hollywood, and appeared with success at Vienna's Burg Theatre. She lives in the Austrian capital

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



ABERDOVEY GOLF CLUB—By "MEL"

The Aberdovey Golf Club is in Merionethshire at the mouth of the Dovey Estuary, looking out over Cardigan Bay. It is a gem, this course, with hills towering above it and below an expanse of sea unbroken even by the sight of distant shipping. It is this course that Bernard Darwin mentions so frequently in his writings and which he is never tired of visiting—and he is no mean judge. Its merits as a golf-course were first discovered by Colonel A. A. Ruck, who borrowed a few flower-pots from a lady in the village and cut the first holes. But that was long ago, and the Club has passed its fiftieth year

NEXT WEEK: ROYAL ST. DAVID'S G.C., HARLECH

LEGER WEEK AT THE RACING



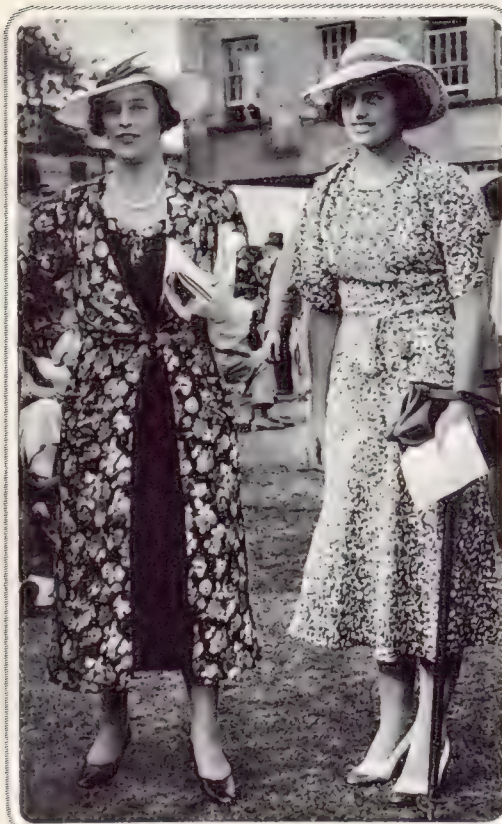
TWO WELL-KNOWN AT THE SALES:
"ATTY" PERSSE AND LORD SEFTON



ALSO AT THE SALES:
LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN



MISS ANGELA RAMSDEN - JODRELL, MISS MARY
BUTLER-HENDERSON, AND MISS SOPHIE DE TRAFFORD



LADY WHARNCLIFFE AND LADY DIANA
STUART-WORTLEY



THE HON. PAMELA DIGBY, LADY DIGBY
AND LORD HAREWOOD



THE HON. PETER AND MRS. PENNY
ADVANCE TO THE FRAY

The pictures on these two pages were taken on the opening day of Doncaster when, incidentally, Lord Londonderry marked the birth of a grandson by collecting the Great Yorkshire Handicap with that good four-year-old Columcille, and a member of the De Trafford family seen in the group at the top was no doubt equally delighted when Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Portmarnock took Mirza II.'s number down in the Champagne Stakes. The Sales, at which "Atty" Persse and Lord Sefton, amongst other celebrities, were snapped, were quite definitely good—a big catalogue and plenty of four-figure prices. Lord Dufferin, seen with his wife, the former Miss Maureen Guinness, has yet to register his colours, but was an interested onlooker. Lady Wharncliffe is with her second daughter, and Lady Digby with hers under the experienced escort of Lord Harewood

AT DONCASTER AND THE SALES



THE HON. DAVID ASTOR, MISS URSULA
AND MISS VIVIEN KENYON-SLANEY



AT THE SALES: MR. DARLING, LORD
MANTON AND MRS. PLAYER



ALSO PRINCE ALY KHAN AND
MRS. EUAN WALLACE



MRS. EDGAR BAKER AND
MRS. FRED HENNESSY



AT THE SALES: MR. AND MRS.
ADRIAN SCROPE



LADY RATENDONE AND
MRS. WATERMAN PITT

And here are some more of the people who were out and about at the great racing carnival up North, which the Yorkshiremen think—and rightly—is far better value than anything that happens down South. A little catalogue of the pictures goes like this: the Hon. David Astor, Lord and Lady Astor's second son, is seen talking to Captain R. O. Kenyon-Slaney's two daughters, he being an ex-Grenadier Guard and a kinsman of Lord Kenyon. Lord Manton, Mrs. Player, the famous trainer who is with them, the Aga Khan's son and heir, and Mrs. Euan Wallace, were all shot at the Sales, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Scrope, he being the manager of the far-famed Sledmere Stud. Lady Ratendone, Lord and Lady Willingdon's daughter-in-law, is with her mother, who will be better remembered perhaps as Miss Gwendolen Brogden



Poolie, Dublin
INTERNATIONAL GOLF AT
PORTMARNOCK

Scotland won the International golf matches for the fifth time, defeating England by 9 matches to 6. Ireland beat Wales by the same margin to avoid bottom place. In this picture are Cyril Tolley, captain of the English team, and J. J. F. Pennink, with J. C. Brown and Dr. W. M. Sullivan, of Ireland, whom they defeated in the foursomes

"GANDHI is watching St. George's!" ran the old Westminster election slogan—you remember? Well, the same sinister and far-distant threat appears to hang over this column, for it is being watched by none other than Recreation Convener Easson, of Can't-take-it Carnoustie. Come what may, we are assured of at least one reader—and, I trust, a registered one. This humble page, you will be glad to learn, has achieved the distinction of being discussed by the Town Council of Carnoustie.

First honours, we must confess, are with the Recreation Convener. I wrote that frankly I was one of the detractors of Carnoustie as a town, though I thought it had a very fine golf-course (or words to that effect), whereupon ex-Bailie Easson, detecting the flaw in a flash, betook himself to his Nuttall's Standard Dictionary and found that detraction was defined as "the act of taking something from the merit or worth of another from envy or malice, with a view to injuring his reputation." Addressing the Council, he continued: "I want to give warning to this particular detractor that in future every remark of his about Carnoustie will be carefully scrutinised, and the moment he gives ground for legal action, I will recommend the Council to take it."

I beg to withdraw the word "detractor." I have neither envy nor malice against the little town of Carnoustie, nor have I shares in any rival concern. But my job is to give facts and opinions relating to the world of golf without fear or favour. If the facts are consistently false or the opinions consistently unacceptable, I get the sack.



AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL: THE
COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE

Lord Breadalbane owns extensive estates in Perthshire and lives at Auchmore House, Killin. Lady Breadalbane, seen in the picture, is daughter of Mr. Romer Williams and the widow of the late Captain Eric Nicholson, 12th Lancers

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

It is my opinion that Carnoustie, as a town, has proved itself unsuitable to housing a modern Open Championship: it is a fact that at least 90 per cent.—perhaps even more—of the people with whom I discussed the matter at the time had no words strong enough to convey their dissatisfaction with the amenities of the town. It is also a fact that the news-editor of a paper boasting a circulation running into millions had to spend the night in the Sailors' Rest at Dundee for want of other accommodation. For myself, through advertising in the local paper, I secured what must have been some of the best lodgings in Scotland, so I have no personal grudge. I am simply concerned with reporting what happened to others.

"With the exception of St. Andrews," the Recreation Convener assured the Council, "Carnoustie has better facilities than any other championship course in this country. Even in America there is not a championship venue with equal accommodation to Carnoustie within reasonable distance of the course." Well, that's the other side of the question, and there we had perhaps better leave it.

Talking of America reminds me that Johnny Goodman has at last gratified an ambition of long standing by winning their Amateur Championship. And about time, too, for he must be the best amateur player in the world to-day: certainly I think he was last year. Goodman sprang into prominence when he ousted Bobby Jones in his first championship; later, in 1933, he went on to win the U.S. Open at the age of twenty-six, finishing his last round with a spate of threes where many a better man has relapsed into sixes.

If ever a golfer was tournament tough, that man is young Goodman. His confidence is overwhelming, and sometimes overbearing—but that is the way to win golf matches. "Gee, I haven't taken a six in years!" he remarked as he recorded that figure in a qualifying round a few years back. In last year's semi-final at Garden City he was beaten—very unluckily, I thought—by the ultimate winner, Johnny Fischer. He was one up with four to play when the rainstorm became so bad that one could hardly see the ball as one addressed it. His clubs flew out of his hands, he took three sixes in a row—and was gone. The same for both sides—but unlucky for all that.



THE GIRLS' INTERNATIONAL AT STOKE POGES:
MISS PEGGY EDWARDS AND MISS SHEILA STROYAN

Miss Edwards was captain of the English team of girls who were defeated—as were the menfolk—by Scotland in their International contest. Miss Stroyan was the Scottish captain. Miss Edwards, later in the week, won the Girls' Championship, after a hard battle with Miss D. M. Thomson, of Edinburgh University. Miss Stroyan also did very well



THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE'S
DECORATIVE ONLY DAUGHTER



PAYING PORTUGAL A COMPLIMENT

Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie in
Portuguese Fisher-Girl Dress

It was during a fairly recent visit to Portugal that the only daughter of the Countess of Cromartie and Lt.-Colonel Blunt-Mackenzie acquired this fisher-girl outfit which becomes her so well. Actually the outsize straw hat does not come from the Iberian peninsula, but is a relic of Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie's latest long-distance trip—to South Africa. Lady Isobel's zest for travel is almost insatiable. She has made several desert journeys and her adventurous spirit has also led her to explore little-known parts of Persia. When she returned from Trinidad several crocodiles and three morocoys (land turtles) were among her luggage. When not abroad Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie spends a good deal of time at her parents' Scottish home, Tarbat House, which is near Kildary, in Ross and Cromarty. She has two brothers, Lord Tarbat and the Hon. Walter Blunt-Mackenzie, both her seniors

Photographs by Bassano

DORCHESTER SHOW



LORD AND LADY STAVORDALE AND
(CENTRE) LADY ILCHESTER



THE HON. JAQUETTA AND
THE HON. SHEILA DIGBY.



LORD AND LADY ELLENBOROUGH
AND THEIR SONS



MISS YVETTE TINKLER, LADY WRIGHT, M.F.H.,
MISS OLWEN WILLIAMS AND MISS B. BASSETT



MRS. WELLESLEY-
WESLEY



MAJOR-GENERAL RAMSAY AND
MR. AND MRS. VIVIAN KENNARD



JOHN PHILLIPS ON HIS WINNER, "HANGERSLEY HIMPULSE"



AND SHEILA PHILLIPS ON HERS, "TINKERBELL"

As was only natural, the denizens of the Cattistock country and of John James Farquharson's old country—a vast domain—were thick as the blackberries soon will be at this Dorchester Show. Lady Ilchester, with son and daughter-in-law, all well known in the Cattistock Hunt, adorn the top of this page, and next door to them are two of Lord and Lady Digby's daughters, one of them on a very nice pony bred by father. Lord Digby was Joint-Master of the Cattistock in the days when that universally beloved parson, Jack Milne, bred them such a beautiful pack. There are also Lord and Lady Ellenborough with their sons, the Hon. Richard and Cecil Law, the family seat being Warmwell House, near Dorchester. Lady Wright, the undefeatable Joint-Master of the Tedworth, is with some much interested units of the young brigade, Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Kennard live at Chilfrome House, Dorchester, and to complete the gallery are two proud members of the house of Phillips, who rode winners

WHERE BISCAY'S BREEZES BLOW



A LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT BIARRITZ :
LORD SELBY AND MISS ELISE CURTIS (U.S.A.)



MISS GEORGINA AND MISS ANNE
WAKEFIELD-SAUNDERS



COLONEL CHARLES GERARD AND
MISS ROSIE O'MALLEY-KEYES



MR. AND MRS. RALPH HANKÉ AND
SEÑOR ALBERTO SANCHEZ-CIRES



SIR ROBERT THROCKMORTON



MR. JOHN WRIGHT, MR. JOHN HOPWOOD
AND THE MARQUÉS DEL QUADELMINA

Biarritz, although on the Bay of Biscay, is sufficiently distant from the Spanish dog-fight to preclude any thought of even remote disturbance: whereof these pictures are *prima facie* evidence. Lord Selby, a grandson of the famous "Speaker Gully," is seen draped on the opposite side of the pillar to Miss Elise Curtis, a U.S. visitor who recently arrived from Cannes. Next are the two very attractive daughters of Capt. A. M. Wakefield-Saunders, late of the Grenadier Guards. Colonel Gerard is the Squire of Wrightington—he also was a Grenadier—and is a recent arrival from Hossegor. The name of O'Malley-Keyes is almost synonymous with Biarritz. Mrs. Ralph Hanké's mother is Madame Davila de Peña, whose engagement to Mr. George Mawdesley was recently announced. Sir Robert Throckmorton is seen reading the "Paris Soir" on the morning after publication in the sunshine of the beach. The Marqués del Quadelmina, who is seen in a picture taken at Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes' Castel Meretmont, has been at the front in Spain

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



1. OUTING IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS:
TERENCE DE MARNEY



2. ANTICIPATION
3. REALISATION



4. A MURDERER AT THE
YARD: AUSTIN TREVOR,
TERENCE DE MARNEY

The Monster in Our Midst



KILLING for lust is one of the best bets in to-day's theatre. If everybody likes a good murder, it seems that most audiences now prefer it to be done by a degenerate monster. Even the Lyceum, having announced its return to melodrama, takes note that *Psycopatica Sexualis* can be profitably used as a spice for villainous doings. As in the old Lyceum days, they spread the excitements thick and fast. Three stranglings happen in as many days, and the scenes range from the Chamber of Horrors through Scotland Yard and lovers' glades to Hyde Park during a furious man-hunt. They spare neither trouble nor expense in the mechanics of thrilling. Thus, a note on the programme tells us that "In the Chamber of Horrors the actual torture instruments and shackles used are kindly lent by Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, to whom the Management are also indebted for specially making the figures and generally co-operating in the staging of the Prologue." This Prologue amid the Horrors is a bit of overweight thrown in without extra charge: it has next to no bearing on the play at large, but it does tune attention to the right note through its eerie lighting, its replica of a gallows fitted with noose and an effigy of Victorian Hangman Number One, and its waxworks of Armstrong the Poisoner, Brides-in-the-Bath Smith and the rest. Sadism and so forth are explained in a nice bright dissertation by a dear old gentleman who lectures, for the love of it, to little girls who come to see the murderers as a birthday treat. And even the aged and highly respectable hangman (who apparently wept tears when they forcibly retired him at the age of seventy-something) is indicated as having been an unconscious sadist, who longed for the law to deliver up to him more and more subjects for the click, the gurgle, the twitch, and the drop.

Give one of the regular visitors to this Hangman's Corner the same name as the nineteenth-century hangman, and he becomes an obvious candidate for identification as the abominable assassin who, having already throttled half-a-dozen young women in public parks, keeps on informing the Yard by postcard that another young woman is due to be spifficated. Nor do the authors of *Wanted for Murder* (Percy Robinson and Terence De Marney) bother about making a mystery over who is, or is not,

the monster in our midst. No more than a single crazy chuckle is needed to confirm suspicion when the suspect is left alone, after he has baffled Scotland Yard in question and answer. And not long later the revolving-stage has brought him to a rendezvous in Richmond Park with a poor little Welsh simpleton, who trusts and admires up to the instant when questing fingers squeeze her free of all sound except a faint rattle. It may be that all of us, like the lip-lickers at murder trials and the quiverers in the Chamber of Horrors, have a few grains of sadism in our make-up. Why, otherwise, should audiences thus enjoy the sight of a degenerate savouring with pleasure his prelude to a murder, caressing a soft neck with black-gloved hands that are restless with lust, gasping in ecstasy when thumbs bite into flesh, and then clutching the corpse in an embrace that lasts four minutes by anybody's luminous wrist-watch?

The quivers and shivers and whatnot are done in so much detail that it would seem perfectly horrid if something or other in the production did not act as a disinfectant. Perhaps Mr. De Marney deliberately overacts the degenerate, so as to take him out of realism and put him in the class of Draculan vampires. Or perhaps it is that many of the accessories to the deed, and its doer, are improbable or impossible. The murder is committed by moonlight in Richmond Park; and Richmond Park always closes at sundown. The victim, from a hostel for unemployed servants, is lured to her death by the promise of a job; and who, in these days of foreigners in the basement, ever hears of a native housemaid unable to find work? The murderer scatters careless clues all over the place: handkerchiefs, cigar-leaves, blue postcards identical with those received by the Yard, and notably a sort of game-book (kept in an easily-accessible desk), in which he enters up a record of his corpses, with age, initials, and nationality.

Scotland Yard, as depicted in a two-desk office stretching right across the big Lyceum stage (it is therefore as wide as the Serpentine Bridge in Hyde Park, which afterwards fills the same area), becomes a place where Detective-Sergeants seldom leave the whisky-bottle alone and Detective-Superintendents persuade their suspect to play dressing-up games, in order that witnesses who once saw his back by twilight may see if they recognise it at high noon.

The Yard figures in one persuasive scene, showing how deductions are made from dead bodies, and how they are photographed. Otherwise it is given a slowness in uptake which all but justifies the self-confidence of the murderer when, having survived a comic confrontation, he goes home, makes his last night's entry in the game-book while gloating to gramophone music, buries his head in his parent's lap, to show that a monster's best friend is his mother, and hurries out into the night for another bit of strangulation.

Well, as entertainment it is popular and in the Lyceum tradition. It would be more so, I think, if they had put the soft pedal on "psychology" and the loud one on suspense. The most effective among ten episodes ignores the bypaths of degeneracy and offers a rousing hullabaloo in Hyde Park, with soldiers and pick-ups, bandsmen and evening athletes doing their stuff, while policemen and detectives hunt the strangler and a frantic mother hurries, too late, to stop her boy from bagging his final girl. All of which is tense, lively, and notably well produced. This being the last scene but one, the victim is saved, so that Mr. Austin Trevor can round off with satisfaction an engaging performance as the Superintendent who risked his career in closing the Park without authority. But she is saved only at the last gurgle, so that Mr. Terence De Marney can be savaged by the mob and round off with bestial hysteria his horribly alluring performance of the monster. Miss Louise Hampton does much with maternal frenzy, and Miss Edna Davies excellently well with her ten minutes as an unsuspecting murderess. Mr. Arthur Sinclair has indifferent comic material for his Detective-Sergeant, who, if only a quarter true to life, would be a good reason why Scotland Yard makes mistakes.



5. DETECTIVE-SERGEANT ARTHUR SINCLAIR IN ACTION

6. GLOATINGS OF AN ASSASSIN

7. A MONSTER'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER: LOUISE HAMPTON

8. BESTIAL HYSTERIA IN A POLICE STATION: TERENCE DE MARNEY, AUSTIN TREVOR, ARTHUR SINCLAIR

TOM TITT

Priscilla in Paris

Written from
the Island.

SEPTEMBER, Très Cher! But as I sit, in a lowly position, on my doorstep, the stone flags are already warm to my feet, while just beyond where the dune ends the fields are still, at seven a.m., covered by a pale mist that, as I write, lifts into nothingness, like the gauze curtains of a transformation scene. (You see

such damage to what I like to call the "herbaceous border"; the Skye, from sheer jealousy, would like to destroy the Husband (but dursn't dare!); the Kat plays with, and therefore kills, the pretty things that fly and flutter and the graceful things that glide and crawl. The village wench destroys her own beauty by being too promiscuous—*elle aimait trop le bal!*—and only Josephine and I escape the rage of destruction that reigns—though, when I come to think of it, I rather wonder what the lobster thinks of Josephine's marvellous *homard à l'Américaine*, and it behoves me also to remember that I have promised to catch some prawns for lunch. I had almost forgotten this unpleasant—from the shrimps' point of view—duty.

When one looks inland, as I am looking now, it is easy to forget that the beach is not twenty yards from my front door. On this side of the wee hoose the dune slopes down to a narrow brook—Husband, who is more truthful than poetic, calls it "the ditch"—on the other side of which are pasture fields in which some placid cows and a less placid donkey are grazing. To the left there is the dense, dark-green mass of a wood of evergreen oaks and pine-trees; to the right, more pine-trees, some of which are my very own. They are mentioned very grandly, in the imposing document handed to me by the notary when I purchased the place, as "*un petit bois d'agrément.*" This little wood of agreeableness consists of seven trees and some blackberry bushes—but who cares, since I cannot sit under more than one tree at a time?

At this hour of the morning there is an intense silence, broken only by distant noises; in a few minutes, however, will come the monotonous squeaking of the decrepit wheelbarrow belonging to an eighty-six-year-old neighbour who has our gracious permission to pick up the pine-cones and needles that fall from "our trees." It's astonishing the pile they make. Quite enough, the old wife tells me, to keep her warm every evening during the winter while she undresses.

Undressing in her case means the slipping-off of three of the four petticoats she wears and the removal of the top bodice. She lives alone in a windowless hovel, of which the floor is of beaten earth. Her bed is of dried seaweed covered with sacking, and it is only since we became acquainted that the old dear has known what it is to have woollen blankets. Her only covering for many years was a greatly-worn plush table-cloth from her daughter-in-law's "villa."

The d.-in-l. lives up along the beach; a hard, grasping, shrewish devil who bullies her husband and terrorises her children; she has, however, made her way in the world, and the family now possesses several "châlets" that are let to visitors for the summer season. Never two years running to the same ones! She is prosperous, sleek and sly, and cordially detested by all the locals. When one sympathises with "granny," her old head opens with a crenellated smile as she answers: "Me—uncomfortable? Here? *Mais non, mais non!* I am *chez moi.* . . . Try to figure to yourself what it would be if I lived with *her!*" Happiness in this world is merely a matter of comparison, and, knowing the d.-in-l., I agree with granny.

PRISCILLA.



A SPANISH DANCER NOW IN
PARIS: INÈS LA VAIL

Señorita Inès La Vail hails from the South of Spain. She is at present enchanting Paris after a season of very successful appearances in various parts of South America

that even when I am close to the earth and nature, I cannot refrain from theatrical comparisons.) All my little world is out and about. The Husband, lately returned—entire and not too stiff—from a strenuous mountain holiday; the Skye; the Kat; the Village Wench, who is again, I fear, going to increase the population of France, although she faithfully promised that last year's come-by-chance should be the one-and-only lapse without benefit of clergy. I can hear Josephine at the well—which reminds me that I must renew the "olde oaken bucket" before its galvanised seams ("everything in this window, sixpence") burst entirely. On my bare leg crawls a rather sleepy-looking bee that finds my knee a comfortable resting-place conveniently near the lavender clumps on either side of the door.

The fine weather seems likely to continue—for which thanks a lot, although the hydrangeas pine summat. The signs are favourable. The swallows are flying high, the Kat is not washing behind its ears, the sky is red at night, and there are dozens of dragonflies darting about in the sunshine. Lovely things that remind me of I-don't-remember-which Vic-Wells ballet that we saw in Paris this spring. In a little while it will be hot enough for the tiny bronze lizards to glide from their crannies and breakfast on the little ants that are so busy storing food for the winter, running busily between the cracks in the flags to and from their storehouse.

All this destroying of life is the only crab to this—*à mon avis*—perfect spot. Husband kills slugs and snails that cause



Photos.: Star Presse

A STAGE AND SCREEN STAR:
JANINE GUISE

Janine Guise is an ornament of French films as well as of the stage. She is also acclaimed as one of the smartest dressers in "The Profession" and winner of the Grand Prix d'Élégance, 1937



COMING TO THE LONDON PAVILION: MARLENE DIETRICH IN "KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR"

Next Monday, September 20th, is an important date: the ravishing Marlene will be seen at the London Pavilion in the Alexander Korda production "Knight Without Armour," for the making of which she was specially loaned by Paramount to London Films. Robert Donat is her *vis-a-vis* in this powerful British picture, which is taken from James Hilton's novel, deals with revolutionary days in Russia, and is positively packed with thrills. England in general and Denham in particular has happy memories of the visit of the Dietrich, who proved time and again that her so famous glamour is by no means exclusive to the film camera. Now she is back in Hollywood, and her new Paramount picture, "Angel," with Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas, should reach this country before very long.

CHESHIRE AT WILLINGTON HALL: THE PONY CLUB RALLY



LADY DARESBURY (LEFT), THE COUNTY COMMISSIONER, AND MRS. NOEL BROOKS



MAJOR C. W. TOMKINSON (OF WILLINGTON HALL), CAPTAIN SMITH-MAXWELL, MRS. HOARE, MRS. TOMKINSON, MRS. CYRIL DEWHURST AND MRS. J. MARTIN



MRS. P. G. MOSELEY, ONE OF THE JUDGES, AND A COMPETITOR



CAPTAIN SMITH-MAXWELL AND MAJOR "TIM" CASEY, M.F.H. (SOUTH CHESHIRE)



MAJOR B. W. HEATON, HIS SON AND DAUGHTER AND MRS. BOLLINGTON

The Cheshire Hunt Pony Club—one of the most flourishing branches of an association which goes from strength to strength all over the country—held a big Rally not long ago. The setting was Willington Hall, near Tarporley, the home of Major Charles Tomkinson, head of a family whose name has figured for generations in the sporting annals of this sporting county. With Major Tomkinson and his wife in the big group are seen several other well-known Cheshire faces. Lord Daresbury's wife is, of course, a "native" too; she was present in her official capacity of Pony Club County Commissioner, and had General Sir Edward Le Marchant's daughter in support. Major A. S. Casey, who took over the Mastership of the south side of the Cheshire country last season, is seen with his "Sec.", Captain Smith-Maxwell. Among competitors was the daughter of Major "Ben" Heaton, a former Joint-Master of the Cheshire and previously Joint-Master of the Pendle Forest Harriers

Photographs by Truman Howell



LADY MAINWARING AND MISS ZARA MAINWARING

FAMILY GOOD LOOKS

Lady Mainwaring and her daughters



MISS DIANA MAINWARING

It would not be easy to find a more decorative family trio than Lady Mainwaring and her daughters, or two more charming and better brought-up sisters than Miss Diana and Miss Zara Mainwaring, whose perfect manners might well put many contemporaries to shame. Miss Diana Mainwaring, the elder by three years, was born in 1914. The late Sir Harry Mainwaring, their father, was one of Cheshire's notable personalities and owned Over Peover Hall; on his death in 1934, the baronetcy, created in 1804, became extinct. Lady Mainwaring is a daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley and a kinswoman, through her mother, of Lord Hardwicke

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood



BEAUTIFUL ZARAH LEANDER

WHO IS "NUMBER ONE" IN GERMANY AT THE MOMENT

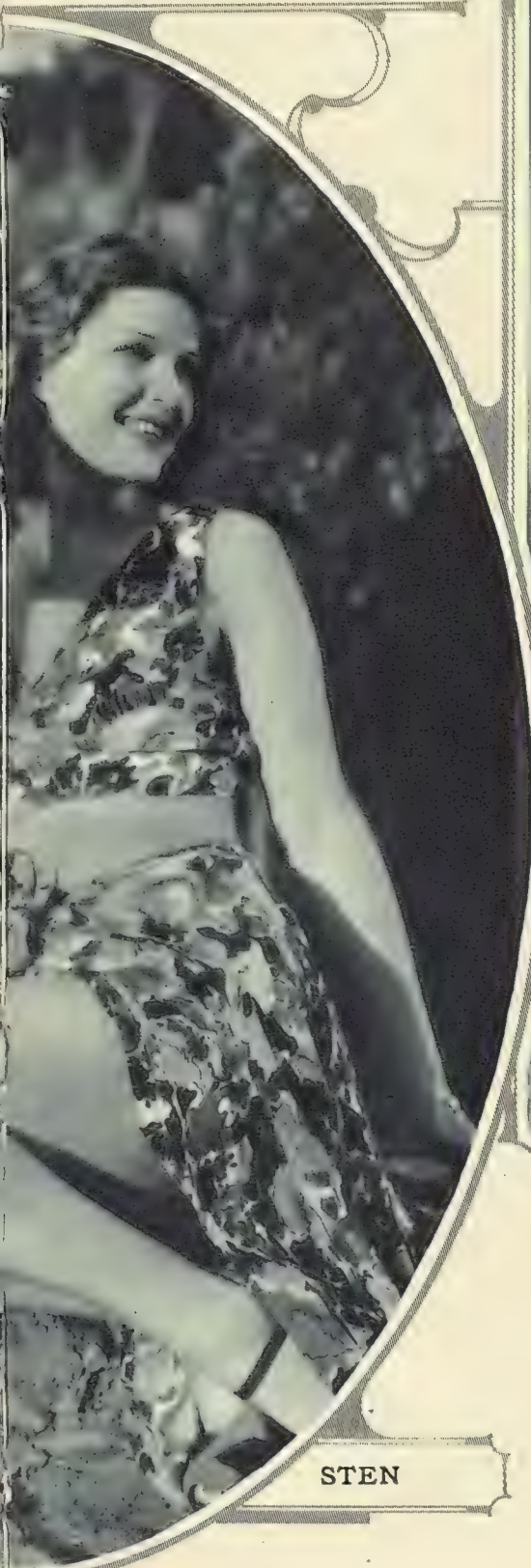
Zarah Leander is a Swede, not a German, but she is getting more publicity than almost any star in the film history of Germany. The Führer himself has taken a personal interest in the making of her films, and it is said that her portrait has ousted those of all other celebrities from the front pages of the illustrated magazines of the Vaterland. She is under a five years' contract to the Ufa Company, earns £1500 a week, and lives in a Palace in Berlin complete with bomb-proof sleeping apartments. In private life Zarah Leander is the wife of a Swedish Colonel. They have two small children, who travel about with their parents and apparently as much interested in their mother's work as she is herself.

THREE OF THE
BRIGHTEST

ANNA

Beautiful little Anna Sten, seen above, will be appearing very shortly in "Wedding Night" National picture to be presented by the National Distributors. She is a Sam Gold picture for him was "Wedding Night" was made in "Lady"

FILM'S T ORNAMENTS



STEN



MERLE OBERON

WHOSE NEXT IS "THE DIVORCE OF LADY X"

Merle Oberon having just finished "Red Shoes" for London Films at the Denham Studios, is shortly starting work at the same place on "The Divorce of Lady X," which will mark her first appearance in a technicolour production, and is under the direction of Tim Whelan. "Over the Moon" is another pending activity and will be finished at Denham some time this year. "Red Shoes" has been press shown, but no date for its public performance has yet been assigned. It is all about the adventures of a ballet dancer, and was directed by Ludwig Berger. Last June Merle Oberon was honoured by an invitation to attend a gala performance at the Comédie Française in honour of the great French actor, Albert Lambert

ve with faithful watch-dog, will
h Pleasure, Madame," a Grand
ed by Associated British Film
wyn "discovery," and her latest
ing Night." Her first great hit
of the Boulevards "



THE CLIFFS OF NORTH CORNWALL, NEAR NEWQUAY

Above the cliffs lie out the chequered lands
Where plough and cattle follow man's behest :
'Twixt tame and free the breachless barrier stands.
Above, the folk in housen go their ways ;
Below are spread the wild sea's panoplies
Where fierce walls guard the wide and lonely sands.

Shining wet sands whose golden levels burn
To quench anew with each foam-jewelled tide,
Rocks, jetty-black with mussels, gull and tern,
High, croaking ravens and the peregrine
—A striking sword that hisses in the air—
And little flecks of bright sea-loving fern.

A. M. HARBORD.

HAPPENINGS IN THE EMERALD ISLE



THE CHRISTENING OF THE SON AND HEIR OF THE KNIGHT OF GLIN
(INSET) MADAM FITZGERALD AND THE BABY

Frank O'Brien

Photograph taken at St. Paul's Church, Glin, Co. Limerick, at the recent christening of the son and heir of the Knight of Glin and Madam Fitzgerald of Glin Castle, Glin, Co. Limerick: The group includes, l. to r.: His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. King Irwin, Bishop of Limerick, Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin, Lord Bellew (godfather), Lady Meriel Brabazon, Madam Fitzgerald and the Baby, the Knight of Glin, Miss Blennerhassett, her mother, Mrs. Blennerhassett, and the children, Rachel and Fiola Fitzgerald, daughters of the Knight of Glin and Madam Fitzgerald. The baby was given the names of Desmond John Villiers. Col. R. B. Charteris was the other godfather, and Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper and the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest were the godmothers by proxy, the latter three being absent. Lord and Lady Muskerry and the Earl and Countess of Dunraven were present at the christening ceremony



AT PHOENIX PARK: MISS JANE GILL, MISS HAIDÉE KAVANAGH AND MISS ROSALIND AND MISS ELIZABETH MANSFIELD

Racing in the Phoenix, Dublin's beautiful playground, is always a pleasant pastime, and on the left and right are some of the people who were there on a recent summer's day. Miss Gill, who is in the picture on the left, is a daughter of the late Mr. Gill, a famous bloodstock breeder in Kildare, and Miss Rosalind Mansfield is Ireland's youngest racing owner, but had nothing running on this day. In the other picture: Major Conolly is a brother of Catherine, Lady Carew, and Miss Kennedy's engagement to Lord Jocelyn, Lord Roden's son, has been recently announced. Lord Talbot de Malahide is a well-known owner



ALSO: MAJOR E. M. CONOLLY, MISS CLODAGH KENNEDY, MISS MAUREEN BOWEN-COLTHURST AND LORD AND LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE



Francis

SIR ALFRED MCALPINE'S XI. AT WREXHAM

A group taken the day this side met and beat The Frogs (see opposite page) at Sir Alfred McAlpine's private ground at Marchwell Park, Wrexham. The home side won by an innings and 63, C. O. Allen getting four for 9 in the first knock and five for 40 in the second. The names in the group are (standing, left to right): Umpire, P. H. Bell, C. R. Walmsley, D. M. Matthews, J. Worthington, P. Murray-Willis, G. Startup. (Sitting) H. Bagnall, C. O. Allen, Sir Alfred McAlpine, A. J. McAlpine, L. N. Jones, and Scorer

ALL these kindly gentlemen at the British Association conclave have been trying to tell us how we may approach to a better state of civilisation, and I hope that some day we may do so. Dare we believe that the arrest of an entire band in Glasgow is a sign of nascent grace? The charge was "committing a breach of the peace," and it was completely justified.

Being merely Southrons and Sassenachs, and therefore rather inferior persons, we cannot hope at this present autumn season to compete with the North of the Grampians where those things called "Games" are concerned, but nevertheless, we do try to do our best. At our gatherings we may not toss the caber, dance the Ghillie Callum or the reel, and we have no pipe-music to madden like wine; but we do make an effort, if perhaps only a puny one, to keep our end up in other ways, and as one ounce of example is better than a ton of precept, I take the liberty of submitting the rough outline of a programme which was successfully manipulated

Pictures in the Fire

at a Southern gathering at which I was so lucky as to be an onlooker.

OUTDOORS: In addition to all such things as roundabouts, swings, coconut and rifle-ranges, etc., which it would be merely bore-some to catalogue, there was the Big Noise—the Hobnail Boot Factory Brass Band from the adjacent township. They played something by Schumann as a kick-off—an appropriate

composer, as perhaps they deemed, taking into consideration the profession of the forty musicians. The unmusical Southerner sometimes tries to be funny about the bagpipes. Anyone who could stand this band deserved to be given Sir Henry Wood's job with twice the pay.

The conductor ought to have worn a gas-mask and a diving-suit, for after every piece all the instruments seemed to be full to the combings of their after-hatches, especially the ophicleides, which, I understand, are the largest brass wind-instruments known to science, and some other brass instruments, which completely encircled the persons of the operators. When these things were emptied, the splashing was something dreadful. Bagpipe players never have to do anything



Truman Howell

A PRESENTATION TO THE HON. ANNE LEWIS

Major B. W. Powlett made the presentation on behalf of the members of the Monmouth Hunt, of which the Hon. Anne Lewis was Master from 1933 till last season. Left to right in the picture: the Hon. Anne Lewis, Major J. A. Herbert, M.P. for Monmouth, Mr. N. Holley and Major Powlett



AT THE LIMERICK PUPPY SHOW AT ADARE

A critical group at the ringside when the Limerick puppies were being judged at Clonshire, Adare, and seen, left to right, are: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham, Lady Adare, the former Miss Nancy Yuille, and Lord William Beresford, who is Joint-Master of the Waterford with Mr. Dick Russell. Lord Adare is Lord Dunraven's son and heir and used to be in the 12th Lancers' polo team



AT THE PITLOCHRY GAMES: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ATHOLL WITH COLONEL AND MRS. C. A. J. BUTTER

Pitlochry is in Perthshire, a little south of Blair Atholl, where the Duke of Atholl has his seat, Blair Castle, the headquarters of the only private army in the British Empire, the Duke's Atholl Highlanders. Col. Butter, who served in the Great War with the Scottish Horse, was "Chieftain of the Games"

By "SABRETACHE"



ON THE SHIEL: LORD GLANUSK AND MRS. N. L. EVANS-THOMAS

"Shiel Water" is on the "Road to the Isles" of the famous song; this picture comes from Glen Shiel, Argyllshire, where Lord Glanusk has taken the shooting and fishing of Shiel Lodge. Lord Glanusk comes from Wales; he is Lord-Lieutenant of Breconshire

think, were from the same litter as Grace Darling. Then came the conjurer, in swallow-tail coat, red tie and sponge-bag trousers. Some swine completely ruined his best trick—production of a bowlful of live goldfish—by pinching them and substituting a dead (too-dead) mouse. The conjurer was righteously indignant and said so in unmeasured terms. He ceased to address us as "Laidies and Gents." Worse followed: the Male Voice Quartette Glee Party. The bass, 4 ft. 2 in. (leader), hit a tuning-fork on his boot and then handed it round to the other three to smell. The alto stood about 6 ft. 4 in. and tried to imitate the voice of Miss Stiles Allen—quite unsuccessfully.

so vulgar. "The Poet and the Peasant" (second item) seemed to be a peculiarly heavy-sea tune. They were hard at work baling for at least five minutes after they had crossed the last bar.

* * *

INDOORS IN LOCAL INSTITUTE: The Vicar, a very nice man in private life, played the obligato (on his flute) to the lady vocalist (with—I think—goitre), who was down for Gounod's "Meditation"

on Bach's First Prelude. The Vicar finished a good two bars in front. Lots of other people had to hold on to their chairs also when the same lady recited "The Women of Bumbles Head," who, I



Francis

THE FROGS XI. AT MARCHWELL, WREXHAM

The Frogs were well and truly beaten by Sir Alfred McAlpine's side, seen looking very pleased with themselves on the facing page. The enemy were greatly aided by G. O. Allen, who was devastating with the ball both innings

The names in the group are (standing, left to right): R. F. B. O'Callaghan (umpire), T. B. Simpson, M. Tindall, W. M. Welch, D. A. Rome, R. A. Graham-Smith, Commander Cronyn, and B. Hunt. (Sitting) D. Roberts, R. J. V. Spurway, C. E. Ruault, R. L. Prain and G. F. R. Park

Worst thing in the card: "Four Jolly Sailormen Coughed Up by the Sea"—something like that. The local publican, who is also a bookie, then rounded it all off by reciting "Ow We Beat the Fiveright." The North cannot say that we do not have our games, and the foregoing is the barest outline with not a single word of embellishment. I do not wonder that people prefer the North. Personally, I like bagpipes.

In his most intriguing article in the *Sunday Times* upon the private lives of the two very polite gentlemen who are at the moment crossing their honourable swords in the Far East, Mr. William Teeling tells us that in China about 200 B.C. "we find a form of football indulged in, which was played with a leather ball, stuffed with feathers. Later on, this football developed, and we read that 'the winners were rewarded with flowers, fruit, and wine, and even with silver bowls and brocades, while the captain of the losing team was flogged and suffered other indignities.'" The last four words suggest sinister possibilities which it is terrifying to contemplate.



MORE PICTURES FROM THE LAND O' CAKES

Mr. M. F. MacGregor and Miss Dorriegelda MacGregor at the Pitlochry Games. Their father, Mr. Alexander MacGregor, is a brother of the MacGregor of MacGregor

Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart-Clark and the Hon. Francis Erskine were photographed at Alloa House at the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie's recent reception.



AT THE ABERDEEN COUNTY BALL

Lady Ferguson is seated on right at the table with some of her party for this gathering of "Northern Lights." The others in the picture are: Mr. Gordon-Duff, Miss Nancy Ferguson, Mr. Preston, Miss Gordon and Mr. Cadzow. Lady Ferguson's home is The Mile Cottage, Dess, reasonably handy to the Granite City, which is the butt of so many ill-aimed jests



MARJORIE BROWNE IN "CRAZY DAYS"—AT THE SHAFTESBURY

This new Laddie Cliff-Stanley Lupino musical production came to the Shaftesbury on September 14th, after a preliminary run at the Streatham Hill Theatre, and bids fair to dig itself in as one of the big autumn productions. It is the seventh show in which the two renowned comedians have been associated. There are three leading ladies, the charming one seen above and Gloria Day and Molly Fisher, with Fred Conyngham in the male juvenile lead

AN old negro was vainly endeavouring, one hot day, to drag along a lazy mule by its halter. The local doctor happened to be watching, and at last, in desperation, the negro offered to pay him a fee if he could put a little life into the lazy beast. The doctor went into his surgery and returned with his medicine case, from which he took a small syringe, filled it with a liquid and inserted the needle into the animal's side. The astonished creature at once reared up on its hind legs and then dashed off down the road at a terrific speed.

The darky looked at the doctor and then at the rear view of the mule.

"Say, sah," he said, "how much was dat stuff you just put in dat mule?"

"Oh, 'bout ten cents," replied the doctor.

"Well, sah, you jest fire twenty cents' worth right into me. I'se got to ketch dat mule."

He was really an extremely bad golfer, but definitely a trier. After a fairly average sort of round, he remarked to his caddie:

"I seem to be improving a little. Can you see any difference?"

"Yus," grunted the caddie. "You've 'ad yer 'air cut."



SUNSET: THE REDWINGS' LAST RACE

A grand old class of boats which have been in service at Bembridge for forty years sailed their last official race at the end of August, and the sun is most appropriately seen setting on them. They are to be supplanted by a new class to be built in Nicholson's yards this winter

A certain lady was in the habit of employing her gardener to act as butler on special occasions. The lady kept in the house for these events a special pair of breeches, but the gardener never looked upon them as his own, always thinking them as the property of his mistress.

This probably explains why, on a certain afternoon when a number of guests were assembled for tea, the gardener poked his head in the door and enquired:

"Do I wear me own breeks to-night, ma'am, or yours?"

Two very comfortably-built viragos were having a heated argument. Many bitter things had been said, and some of them concerned the personal appearance of the combatants.

"Anyway," retorted the slightly thinner one, "I can get into a 'phone box and close the door without pressing Button A."

"I want a nice book for an invalid," said the lady to the librarian. "Yes, madam," replied the librarian, "What kind of a book—something religious?"

"Er—no—not—now. He's convalescent."

"I've got a most wonderful family tree," said the languid young man.

"Really," drawled the girl, "and what are you—the sap?"



WIND, RAIN, SUN

She loves the exhilarating freedom of an open-air life. But she knows the tragic mistake of allowing her skin to become dry, weather-beaten, rough. Therefore, she follows meticulously the simple rules advocated by Elizabeth Arden. At least twice a day, morning and night, she cleanses, tones and nourishes with Venetian Cleansing Cream, Ardena Skin Tonic and Orange Skin Food. She uses Velva Cream after a particularly trying day out of doors, to restore the texture of the skin itself. She uses Protecta Cream as a powder foundation, with a drop of No-shine to prevent her nose shining, she makes up lightly with Miss Arden's two powders—Ardena and Japonica, a touch of her waterproof eyelash cosmetique, a tracing of lipstick.

BEAUTY SAFEGUARDED..

She loves, too, the amenities of town, the sure knowledge that she can transform herself from a "hearty girl" into a "lovely lady" at a moment's notice. Regularly two or three times a week she devotes half an hour to a Velva Cream Masque home treatment to keep her skin soft and fresh looking. She carefully chooses the proper cosmetics to harmonize with her town clothes and her town mood: Lille de France powder foundation, softer and lighter tones of Ardena and Japonica Powder than in the country, Eye Sha-do to complement her costume and a lipstick with a faint touch of blue—Royal or Victoire, perhaps, for the new autumn fashions demand it and our "lovely lady" is always ahead of fashion, thanks to Elizabeth Arden.



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CELEBRITIES AT GSTAAD

A snapshot taken just before the morning dip in the bathing-pool. Left to right: M. Maurice Half, the playwright; Miss Irene Edwards, who has been having many recent lawn tennis victories in Switzerland; Mme. Simone Mathieu, champion of France, and a winner in the Women's Doubles at Wimbledon in July; and Mme. Colette Boegner, her Doubles partner at Gstaad

I ALWAYS think of September as the "little season" in the tennis world. The big events like Wimbledon are over, just as in another world the Courts and the garden-parties at Buckingham Palace are over for another year, and yet, just as it would be ridiculous to suggest that there's nothing doing socially in London in September, so it would be equally untrue to imagine that another lawn tennis season is yet concluded. In actual fact, at the moment of writing, the American Championships are still in full swing—a major event of second importance only to Wimbledon itself—but, leaving Forest Hills out of consideration altogether, there remains plenty of activity on our home tennis courts.

Personally, I always think that some of the late summer tournaments are the pleasantest of all: the autumn chill has not set in to the extent of making spectatorship a nippy business; while, on the other hand, warm though the sun still is, there is just that twinge in the air to freshen you during a long match. And I was not surprised to hear that Sidmouth had a record entry this year, and that this Devon holiday tournament surpassed itself both in the number of players and of lookers-on. I sometimes wonder whether those who officiate in the latter capacity quite realise just how hard work a Saturday afternoon's play can mean to someone who has succeeded in getting into all three finals. I always remember an alleged interview with a famous young woman star, who, when asked whether she ever felt really happy, really satisfied with her lot in life, thought for a moment and then replied: "Yes; on Sunday, when I have carried off the hat-trick on Saturday, and there were challenge cups for all three level events, including the ladies' doubles." No one could be more honest than that!

But what about the poor player who succeeds in working his or her way into all three finals, only to be beaten, so to speak, at the post, and leaves the club at the end of it all with a scrap of paper in pocket—that is to say, voucher—triumphant, but nothing more? Such was the lot of the old Oxford Blue, Jack Lysaght, at Sidmouth, who was on the losing side in all three finals, and in the course of his three matches actually played no fewer than 104 games. Not bad in the course of a day's work. The score in the men's

LAWN TENNIS :: "RABBIT"

singles must almost constitute a record for the club, I should imagine, where the annual tournament is concerned. Dickie Ritchie was the victor, but he lost the first set at 7—5, only succeeded in winning the second at 14—12, and finally did not prevail in the decider till another twelve games had been recorded on the score-sheet. Lysaght and Ritchie are old opponents as well as rival Blues, but in all their many matches they have never had such a long-drawn-out affair. It says much for the training of the two players that the match was lively and exciting right up to the last point. Most of us, when it was over, had we been in their tennis shoes, would have been content to put our rackets back in the press for that day; instead, they had to be opponents and face each other across the net twice more before the audience round the centre court would break up. Yes; I wonder how many of the spectators do realise just what hard work a crack player's life can be!

Which reminds me that, apart from the hard work, there are many hazards that also haunt a star player's life, as witness the bad luck Billie Yorke had the other day, when she broke her wrist in a minor train accident on her way from Switzerland to Baden-Baden. But it was no minor disaster for this independent young woman who believes in enjoying herself off the court as well as on it, for the accident means that she will be unable to play in any more tournaments this "little season"—which is extremely bad luck, as she had arranged a very attractive foreign itinerary for herself, with the pick of Continental partners, as she is always in tremendous demand abroad, and none of the French or German or Italian stars can ever understand how such a magnificent doubles player could come to be left out of the Wightman Cup team. Not that Billie doesn't have her bad patches—she had one of them at Minehead, when she was quite unable to find her touch on finals day—but at her best there is no woman player in the world to touch her, though, like little Mary, when she is bad she is—well, I'll leave you to guess, and tell you instead that Mme. Mathieu, her doubles partner at Wimbledon and co-sharer of the world title, bought herself a couple of black Scotties when she was



Photos: Stuart

HENNER HENKEL AND BARON GOTTFRIED VON CRAMM WIN THE DOUBLES AT FOREST HILLS

The two German cracks beat Donald Budge and Gene Mako in the American National Doubles, thus reversing their defeat at the Americans' hands in the Davis Cup at Wimbledon, where they took it to five sets. At Forest Hills they won in three, in spite of playing on a strange court

over here for Wimbledon, and decided to call one of them after her famous partner. The dogs remain at the side of the court when their mistress is playing. If things are going well and they are keeping their places, you hear murmurs, every time Madame crosses over, of "Good Billie! Dear Billie!"; but when the wind blows the other way it is nothing but "Yorke, stay still! Yorke, lie down!", just as though poor Yorke had just missed a vital smash!

Another player who, when he is good is very, very good, and when he is the other thing is frightfully so, is Charlie Hare, who, at the time of writing, is still going strong in the American Championships. All the same, he had a narrow squeak against M. Culley, who took the first two sets with the greatest of ease, thanks to the Englishman's complete inability to get his services or his smashes into court. And then, just as the Americans were scenting a home victory, a dramatic change came over the match and Hare stopped floundering and instead took complete command of the

(Continued on page ii)

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INGESTRE HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE

LORD AND LADY SHREWSBURY AT HOME

The twenty-first Earl of Shrewsbury, by virtue of his hereditary office of Lord High Steward of Ireland, had an important part to play in Westminster Abbey on Coronation day. He and his wife, the former Miss Nadine Crofton-Atkins, were in London for most of the season, since when, in between shooting visits, they have been at their Staffordshire place, Ingestre Hall, which, though of no great antiquity, is a very stately home and one of the landmarks of the Midlands. Recent guests there have included that clever young actress, Miss Susan Otto, who comes from Northamptonshire and is at present a member of the Sheffield Repertory Company. Housewifery appeals to Lady Shrewsbury, and she and her husband are both keen about horses, and usually have a 'chaser or two in training during the jumping season



LADY SHREWSBURY AND A FAVOURITE



HOME WORK: MAKING A CUSHION COVER



LORD AND LADY SHREWSBURY AND (RIGHT) MISS SUSAN OTTO

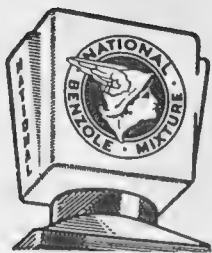
Photographs: Swasey

*'Oh, MR. MERCURY,
where should I have
been without you?'*



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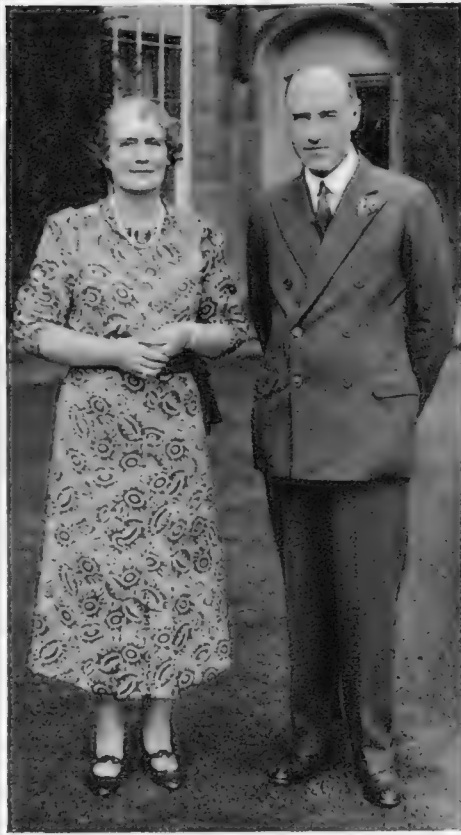


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good petrol
better*

NATIONAL
BENZOLE MIXTURE

FOR MORE MILES PER GALLON

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



Cor

**THE AIR MINISTER'S SILVER WEDDING :
LORD AND LADY SWINTON**

Lord Swinton, the former Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, married, in 1912, Miss Mary Boynton, whose mother was a Cunliffe-Lister before her marriage. Sir Philip took the name by deed poll, changing from Lloyd-Greame. Swinton Castle is the name of the Cunliffe-Lister manor in Yorkshire

when basking in the sun gives way to cursing in the rain. No longer can people go about wearing little more than goggles and a gasper; they must muffle up and knuckle under to Q.B.I., ten-tenths, and all the rest of it. It is no use pretending that flying in the autumn is as good as flying in the summer, or that flying in the winter is any good at all so far as pleasure is concerned. The aeroplane, unlike the motor-car, is still a plaything for private owners and an instrument of transport only for large, Government-supported organisations. Consequently, all but the enthusiasts let it alone in the bad weather, or at least use it only enough to keep their hand in for next year.

Almost every season I watch for signs that the swing-over from pure pleasure to impure utility is taking place, but as yet I have seen none. This summer the private aeroplane has been so much overshadowed by the military aeroplane that it has made little headway. On the other hand, there has been a great deal of useful experimental work and it is clear that there are a number of companies which stand ready—if the opportunity presents itself—to turn to the production of genuine private-owner types of aeroplane. This is a most heartening sign. Many interesting designs have been got out for small and economical two-seaters. In fact, everything is ready for the advent of quantity private-aeroplane ownership except the international situation. And that, by keeping all thoughts turned to military machines, holds up the advance of civil machines. So we have big aeronautical activity, but nearly all of it of the sterile kind. Let us hope that, by next season, the international situation will have improved and that interest will at last be diverted from the military to the civil aeroplane. We are all waiting for that time, and if it comes private flying will surge forward.

Balance Sheet.

THE time draws near when fogs and rumours of fogs discourage the private aeroplane owner, and

Speed Records.

Sir Malcolm Campbell has once again set an example which British aviation would do well to note. He has now acquired for this country both the land speed record and the water speed record, and he has acquired them both with the Rolls-Royce engine which was originally developed for the Schneider Trophy air races and which enabled this country to win the Trophy outright. Now why is it that we cannot add that third world's record—for air speed—to the number and complete the hat-trick? I know of no reason except laziness or base timidity. The same engine, if welded to a modern air-frame, could almost certainly provide us with the world's air speed record. The development work needed would not take more than six or eight months. Moreover, the international landplane speed record could be obtained in a much shorter period for, as I have pointed out before, it is only necessary to strip and slightly modify a Supermarine "Spitfire" to enable us to beat the existing figure.

But the absolute world's air speed record is really the one that ought to be obtained. The existing speed of over 709 kilometres an hour is admittedly high, and the greatest credit must be given to Italy for achieving it. But it is no longer an unbeatable speed, and Britain ought to attempt now to improve upon it. If nothing is done, another example will be provided of the superior drive and superior tenacity of the individual as opposed to the Government department. For the



Bassano

**CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH AIR PILOTS
ASSOCIATION : CAPTAIN LANE-BURSLEM
AND HIS WIFE**

Captain Lane-Burslem, of Imperial Airways, was elected Chairman, by a recent national ballot of pilots, of the executive council of this new association formed to protect the interests of civilian airmen. Several famous pioneer airmen serve on the council

mainspring of the land and water speed records has been Sir Malcolm Campbell, inspired, as he himself has said, by Lord Wakefield's generosity and sportsmanship. He got things moving, organised the attempts, and in both cases did the piloting. We do not ask a Government department to try and obtain two world's records—that might be beyond its powers; but we do ask it to secure one—that for air speed.

(Continued on page 510)



**THE HON. LIONEL BALFOUR AND
PRINCE FRITZ OF SAXE-COBURG**

The Hon. Lionel Balfour is a director of Portsmouth, Southsea and Isle of Wight Aviation, Ltd., and this picture was taken at Ryde airport. His companion in the picture hails from that little state which produced such an unending supply of royal consorts in past centuries

at an interview
where
everything
depends
upon the Impression
you
make . . .



have you ever noticed
how
a cigarette
somehow
restores
your
self-confidence . . .



so that
you
really
do yourself justice,
and the interview
becomes
a
happier affair
for you both?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

BRILLIANT EXCHANGE

By
D. K. WINSLOW



Sir William jumped as though actuated by a powerful electric shock

A SMALL two-seater drew up before the main entrance of Frochester Hall; a young man got out and rang the bell; the card he gave to the footman stated that he was Detective Inspector Rampling, C.I.D. "I'm not sure that Sir William can see you just at this minute, sir," said the footman. "He's at dinner with a lot of guests."

"Please tell him that my business is most urgent," said the Inspector brusquely. A few minutes later he was introduced into Sir William Morgan's study, where the famous diamond merchant was already standing to receive him, betraying a certain irritation at being disturbed in the entertainment of his guests. "Well?" he exclaimed.

The detective came briskly to the point. "I have come here to see you about a suspected—a possible theft, Sir William. About an hour and a half ago two of my men apprehended one of your servants—Peddell. I understand he joined your service some three months ago?"

Sir William gave a start of surprise. "I believe he did," he admitted. "What the devil have you arrested him for?"

"Before coming to you he was somewhat interested in your own line of business," said Rampling; "so much so that he's served two stretches already for jewel thefts. We have had our eye on him ever since you took him on."

"Damn good of you," said the magnate, with some heat. "It might have occurred to you to warn me, eh?"

"There, I'm afraid, we may be considered at fault, Sir William," agreed the Inspector, "but our information was of sufficient importance to justify us in using you as the rope to bring in Peddell—and bigger game!"

"Please explain more fully," said Sir William.

"An international gang, with headquarters in Amsterdam, sent their star men to London at the same time as the Rand Star was shipped from South Africa!"

Sir William looked utterly astounded. "Do you fellows follow every gem about the world that leaves South Africa?" he demanded.

"Diamonds like the Rand Star need a little watching," replied Rampling with a smile. "The gangs run their espionage system—run it very efficiently, as events sometimes prove. We run ours, counter-espionage, as in war. If in the process we unearth a few of your pet secrets you must excuse us. That, Sir William, is why I am here, and that is why I have ordered Peddell to be detained. We have reason to believe that the Star is no longer in your possession!"

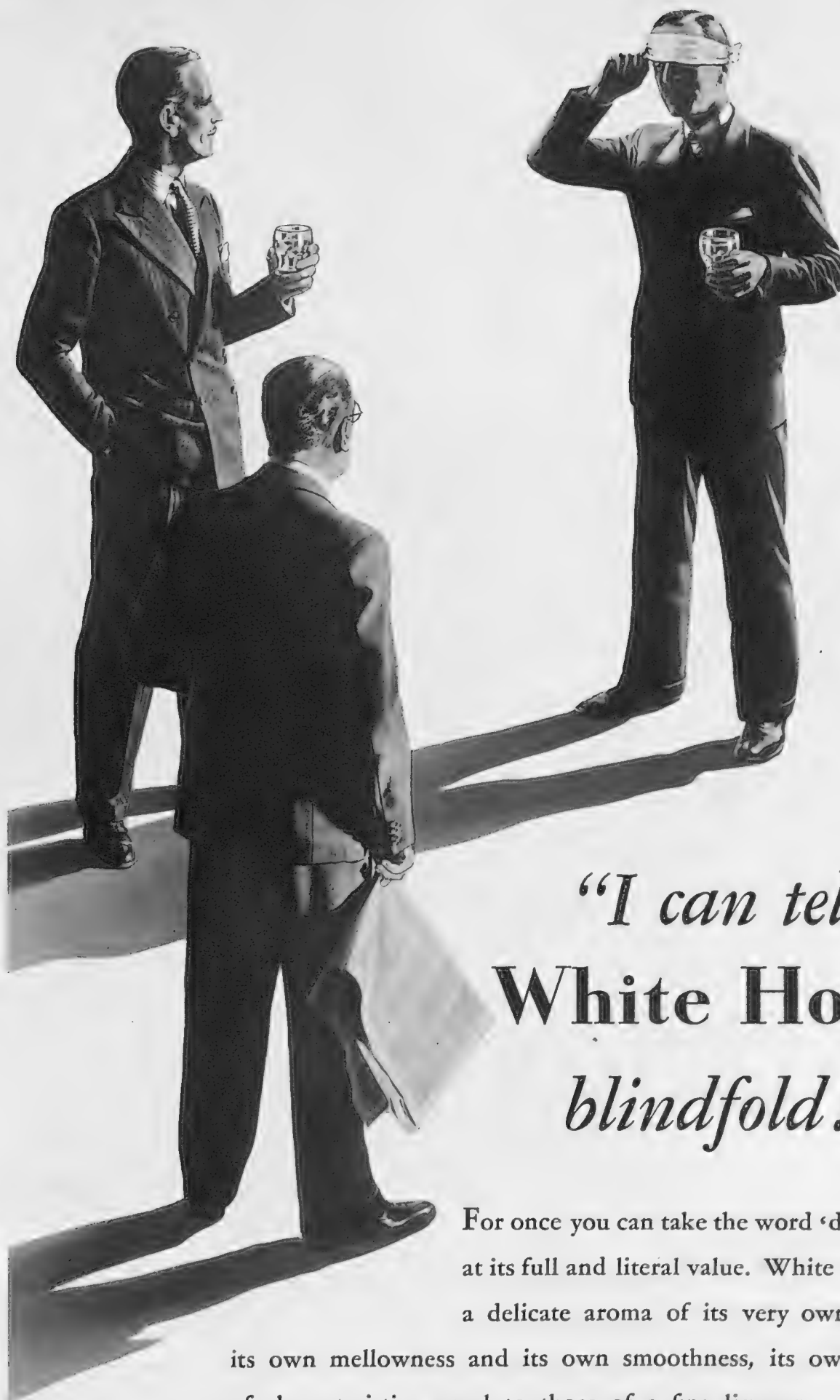
"Good God, man; it's in the safe behind me! I saw it before dinner. I sight it at least once a day——"

Rampling interrupted with a sympathetic smile. "I know, Sir William. And the house is bristling with burglar alarms. That safe is proof against burglary; Staines' latest product, eh? There's the latest type of invisible ray alarm to protect it if I should approach it. We know, Sir William, but I'm afraid the gang know as well; they should; it's their living! Peddell has been in your employ for three months—that washes out any burglar alarms and gadgets of yours—nothing more than interesting toys to a technician like Peddell."

"Has he got the Star?" asked Sir William with a curious timidity.

"We don't know whether he *has* had it," admitted Rampling. "It was not on him when we took him. We have been watching him ever since he came here for the first sign of a getaway. When he made it we nabbed him, because we assumed we

(Continued on page 506)



*“I can tell
White Horse
blindfold!”*

For once you can take the word ‘distinctive’ at its full and literal value. White Horse has a delicate aroma of its very own. It has its own mellowness and its own smoothness, its own concert of characteristics equal to those of a fine liqueur.

BRILLIANT EXCHANGE—(Continued from page 504)

should catch him with the evidence on him. We searched him and found we were wrong, but so was one of my men. He gave him ten minutes during which we don't know where he was—sufficient to slip the goods across to an accomplice if he has one in the neighbourhood."

While Rampling was speaking, Sir William had been manipulating the intricate mechanism of the safe. He swung open the door and gave a relieved chuckle. "Keep your Peddell, Inspector," he said triumphantly. "I don't want any more shocks from him or the Yard, though I must thank you for your attentions. The Star's here!"

"Pleased to hear that indeed, Sir William," said the detective. "After all the excitement, may I have a look at the cause of it?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow," said Sir William, and extracted a little black japanned box; inside, on a cushion of black velvet, gleamed the concentrated fires of the greatest discovery of a decade.

The Inspector took it reverently, and walked slowly to the light. "Diamonds are rather my line, Sir William, he said. "They always land me with these cases." He turned

you to give the alarm. Criminals have to be psychologists as much as we detectives. They've watched this diamond since it was first discovered, bribed and spied all along the route from the mines to this house. They've done what I've known them do in a score of similar cases all over the Continent—substituted a perfect duplicate. We've never nailed them down for that reason; we can never say when the thefts take place—when the substitution takes place. Heaven only knows where the genuine Star is by this time. May I use your 'phone; I want to speak to my chief?"

Sir William waved his hand to the 'phone in consent, and continued to turn the stone hopefully as though expecting a metamorphosis, while Rampling said "Whitehall 1212."

"Hullo. The Yard? Chief Inspector Corse there? Yes, I want him. Rampling speaking."

"Rampling here, sir. The Rand Star's gone! Same game—substitution. We're probably in time. Got Peddell this afternoon; nothing on him, but I'm afraid that damn fool Crawshaw let him out of his sight for about ten minutes. Catch 'em at the docks or airports, maybe. I'll be up right away, sir."

The detective hung up and turned to Sir William, who was still examining the stone with lack-lustre eyes. "I'm extremely sorry, Sir William," he said. "You may rest assured that the theft took place within the last few hours, and the Berkenherr crowd will find the utmost difficulty in getting away this time. With your permission I'll be getting back to the Yard with Peddell."

Sir William accepted the detective's condolences apathetically, and pressed a bell. "Where can I get you if I want you?" he asked.

"Whitehall 1212, Extension 29," said Rampling briskly. "Good-night, sir." He followed the footman who had answered Sir William's ring. Soon the disconsolate diamond magnate heard the buzz of his little car as it passed the study window and swept down the drive.

An hour later the skipper of a Dutch herring trawler, somewhere in the North Sea, sat in his chart-house and surveyed with some content the dazzling magnificence of the greatest diamond of a decade. Sir William, confronted by a bewildered Peddell, full of



Truman Howell

THE PHOENIX CRICKET CLUB XI. FROM IRELAND AT COWBRIDGE

The Phoenix Cricket Club recently made a tour in Great Britain, and the occasion of this picture was their match with the South Wales Hunts XI. J. C. Boucher is the captain of the Gentlemen of Ireland and recently took 9 wickets for 23 runs for them. G. J. Quinn also plays for them. The names in the group are (seated): W. P. Hone, J. C. Boucher, D. R. Pigot (captain), B. V. Fox, J. A. Byrne. (Standing): N. R. Fox, J. H. Ingram, G. J. Quinn, B. T. Quinn, C. Nolan, D. O'Connell and A. Neale

suddenly to his host. "You say you sighted this every day?" he asked.

"Every day," agreed the owner of the gem.

"Had it out every time, eh?"

"Well—perhaps not every time."

"Um! Exactly," mused Rampling.

"I wonder when the substitution took place?"

Sir William jumped as though actuated by a powerful electric shock. "Substitution!" he bellowed.

"Substitution! What the devil

are you getting at? Think I don't know a stone..."

"Sir William," said Rampling, holding out the gem. "I don't know when you last had this stone out of its box, but surely you can tell paste from the real McKie. Sighting it's all right, but even experts don't see what they never expect to see. Look at it! Nothing but paste—good paste, but comparatively worthless."

As Sir William examined the imitation in stunned silence, the detective explained. "Berkenherr's gang wouldn't want



Clapperton

WINNERS OF THE BORDER LEAGUE: SELKIRK CRICKET XI.

Selkirk, in their progress to the leading position in the Border League this season, played ten matches, of which they won eight and lost two. The names are (standing): T. Reid (umpire), R. McWilliam, J. Hogg, J. J. Turnbull, D. W. Saga, ———, J. W. Waedie. (Seated) A. Fair, I. Macdonald, T. Kyle (captain), J. Grieve and G. Walker

strange stories of unaccountable kidnapping, was speaking furiously to a singularly dense Scotland Yard, who seemed to be unaware of the existence of a Detective Inspector Rampling on Extension 29. Sir William used the hall telephone, for he found his study line had been cunningly snicked.

The Yard agreed on one point. The Berkenherr gang were experts at substituting paste replicas. They told Sir William that as he was present when it took place, it would help the evidence a lot if they could nail the gang! THE END.

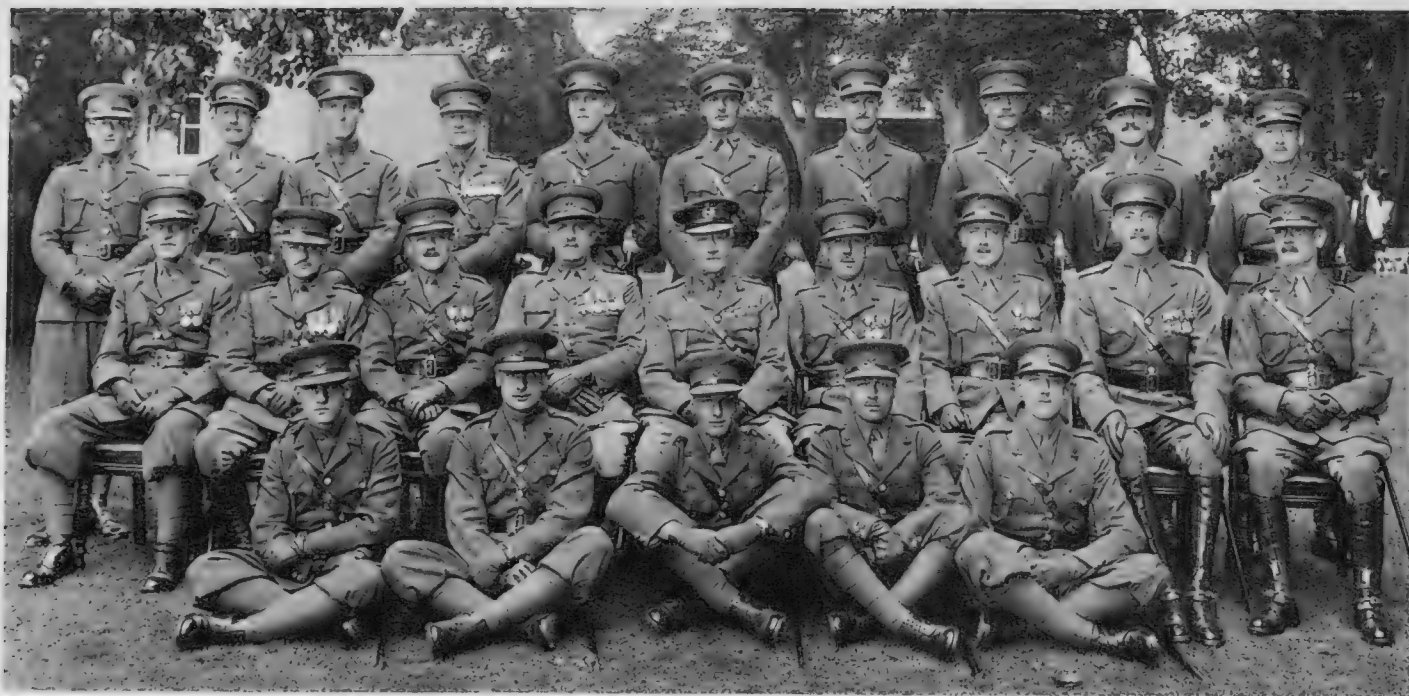
This England . . .



From Bury Hill, Sussex

THERE is a peace in Sussex that no "progress" can destroy—it is too deep, too old. Does a new bungalow raise an outcry—there was once an iron-foundry where its garden grows. And how slight the sins of a rural council, to that evil administration which led Cade's desperate peasants to rebel. Does the city invade—what of sacking Norman and raping Dane? These things must come and go—the good in this England stays to ripen. So the power of fifteen horses may sweep you over the hill, but you'll slake your thirst with the same grand ale your trudging forbears did—if you call for Worthington.





THE OFFICERS, THE SECOND BATTALION THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS (95th FOOT)

A photograph taken during the regimental celebrations of Alma Week. At the battle of the Alma, in September 1854, the regiment earned its greatest fame. Four officers and five sergeants fell successively bearing the colours before Private James Keenan planted the Queen's Colour on the Redoubt and the position was captured and held against desperate attacks. The Second Battalion is now stationed in Guernsey. The names in this group, which includes Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, the Colonel of the Regiment, are:

(Back row, standing, left to right) Lieut. G. Wilmot Sitwell, Capt. R. T. K. Pye, 2nd Lieut. J. W. Hartigan, Lieut. and Qtr-Mr. W. H. Barber, 2nd Lieut. H. T. Astell, 2nd Lieut. W. M. Nicholson, Capt. H. W. H. Houghton, Lieut. G. R. G. Bird, Lieut. J. H. M. Hackett, Capt. J. K. L. Roberts. (Middle row, sitting, left to right) Capt. E. R. H. Stott, Capt. N. S. Temple, M.C., Maj. I. D. A. Whicher, Lt.-Col. R. L. Sherbrooke, D.S.O., Maj.-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B., LL.D., D.L., Maj. H. L. B. Mills, Maj. J. E. Wright, Capt. A. Andrews, M.C., Capt. R. M. Ingall, Adjt. (Front row, on ground, left to right) 2nd Lieut. J. F. Brownrigg, 2nd Lieut. R. B. Golton Salmond, 2nd Lieut. W. H. A. Beck, 2nd Lieut. A. H. Mead, 2nd Lieut. W. P. Allsebrook

T.T. Afterthoughts.

THE T.T., as done at Donington, was, I suppose, as well organised as a race of this kind can be; but now that it is seen in perspective, away from the turmoils and troubles which afflict all races, motor, bicycle, scooter, foot or other, we must ask ourselves if it is sufficiently noteworthy as sport or spectacle. It is England's chief event in motor sport. It has more prestige and more practical support than any other event and, as I say, it is well run. If it fails, therefore, it fails because it is wrongly conceived from the start, and I must say I begin to suspect that this is so. No one will question that the peak of spectacle and of technical interest is reached in Grand Prix racing, where the cars are restricted by a minimum number of regulations and there is no handicap. The more you introduce artificialities, the more you dilute the competitive effort. Yet artificialities seem to exercise a fatal fascination over the organisers of English sport. The English idea of a motor-race is to bring together as heterogeneous a collection of cars as can be secured, including midgets and monsters, and then to restrict and limit the performance of the faster ones by artificial means, so as to put them all on level terms. Thus we see fine machines and corks, advanced designs and obsolete designs, matched against one another and put on level terms by regulation and time and distance handicap. It is as if Farr, instead of being matched against Louis, were to be matched against a blind man paralysed in both arms, himself being handicapped by having his hands tied behind his

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

the obsolete car, the poor design a chance, and that is occasionally what happens. It did not happen this year, when the best man, Comotti, in the best car, a French Darracq,

back and wearing a sack over his head. The aim of this handicapping is laudable. It is to "give the small man a chance." But it is no use giving the small man a chance if at the same time you also give the bad man, the inferior driver, the obsolete car, the poor design a chance, and that is occasionally what happens. It did not happen this year, when the best man, Comotti, in the best car, a French Darracq, won; but sometimes British motor-racing is too much the drivers *versus* the handicappers. It is too much a mix-up of cars of widely separated qualities, of superlatively good and superlatively bad, of cracks and corks.

The Future.

All things considered, it seems that the T.T. race, a race for "production" cars of all shapes and sizes on handicap, has served its purpose, and should be superseded by an event designed vigorously and unequivocally to put England on the motor-racing map. Let the effort at present expended on the T.T. be devoted to a Grand Prix. The Donington Grand Prix on October 2nd is drawing Mercedes and Auto-Union teams. That is progress in the right direction. I always believed that with more enthusiasm and more drive and more publicity the 1500-c.c. Grand Prix, held in this country ten or twelve years ago, might have been turned into a first-class event. But the trouble in those days was that an artificial road course had to be marked out at Brooklands, and an artificial road course can never be so good as a real road course. Donington is the nearest thing we have, or are likely to get, to a real road course. It should be made use of



Victor Hey

A CRICKETER AND HIS TUNNY: CAPTAIN NIGEL HAIG

The former Middlesex captain has recently taken to tunny-fishing, and is seen here with a 472-pounder, which he caught some 40 miles off Scarborough. This weight, while fantastic to shore-going fishermen, ranks as a nice fish among tunny, but not as a real "big fellow"

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BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 508

for one big national event. As it is, I look forward to races like the 200 and the Donington Grand Prix more than to the T.T. because they are less artificial. We ought to throw all our efforts and energies into making one Grand Prix race the big event of the year. We have the wonderful E.R.A.s and we ought to give them their chance in a major event in this country. So I say suppress the T.T. and run an English Grand Prix to the international Grand Prix formula. The work needed to make such a race a success would be immense; but there are plenty of people with the enthusiasm to undertake it.

* * *

The Hillman 14.

Bigger and bigger seems the aim of many motor manufacturers. The new Hillman "14" is a full five-seater. It is roomy and it has the "Evenkeel" independent front wheel mounting and a sturdy four-cylinder engine taxed at only £10 10s. The car's wheel-base is 9ft. 6in. and its track in the front is 4ft. 7½in. At the rear there is an extra half-inch of track. The body side pressings, which are of steel, are of one piece for each side. The top is also a one-piece steel pressing. The engine is of 1,944 c.c. capacity and is a new design. The crankshaft runs in three bearings. The gear box is synchromesh and gives four speeds. As in the Minx the wheel compartment at the rear has a lid which can be hung on the rear bumper bar if the wheel is being changed. The lid embodies the illuminated rear number plate and rear lamp. I shall hope to return to this car at a future date.

* * *

Vauxhall.

Meanwhile I must mention that the Vauxhall 12h.p. and 14h.p. cars have proved so successful that they are being continued in their present form for 1938. There is to be no change whatever in the specification and that is about as high a tribute as could be paid it. There is, however, a new body model, the 12 h.p. saloon at £215. The new prices are £225 for the 14 h.p. de luxe saloon and £230 for the 14 h.p. touring saloon. Other particulars are to be announced in the near future, when I shall make some further comments. I should add, by the way, that the 12 h.p. and the 14 h.p. have the Vauxhall system of independent front wheel mounting.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 502**Reference Work.**

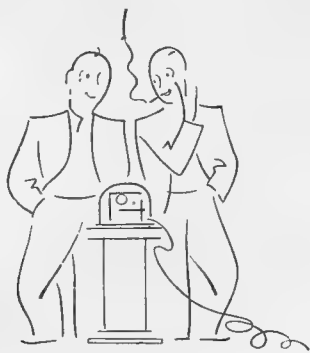
Those whose business or pleasure is aviation will find a great deal of useful information in "The Aeroplane" Directory of the Aviation Industry, which has just been published. The book is divided into sections, dealing with the manufacturers and suppliers of Great Britain, the classified trades, brand and trade names, the controlling bodies, associations, clubs and schools, the aerodromes of Great Britain, private aircraft owners and transport operators in Great Britain, and overseas and foreign information. There is also at the end a section giving information upon such things as records, the air navigation regulations, aircraft nationality marks, international call signs, and conversion tables. Altogether, this is a book which is helpful for checking facts and obtaining information. And its up-to-dateness is evidenced by the fact that the list of notable events includes the Southampton-Alexandria flight by an Empire flying boat this year, when the 2,300 miles were flown in 13 hours 35 minutes.

* * *

Slotted Airscrews.

The Fairey Company's idea of using a slot along the leading edge of airscrew blades seems sound. If the slot, as has been proved beyond question, delays "burbling" in a wing, it can delay it in an airscrew blade. And it is important to delay it, especially when a heavily loaded high-speed aeroplane is trying to take off. During the first part of the run it often happens that the blades are partially stalled. With a slot in their leading edges they would not be stalled and the airscrew efficiency would go up markedly. The only thing I am uncertain about is the application of the slot to a variable-pitch airscrew of the constant speed type. In that case I am not sure that the slot would be needed. Or if it did some good, I doubt if the advantage would be sufficiently big to compensate for the extra weight and complication. I shall wait with interest to see what further steps are taken with this scheme.

It is sad that there will be no Coupe Deutsch race this year, but it is pleasing to note that the regulations for 1938 have been issued. This is one of the races that really are races, and that are well worth supporting. I believe that any manufacturer who decided to build a machine for the 1938 event would find himself fully repaid for the trouble and expense.



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Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 438

court, and with it 13 games in a row. Further, he ended up the match with a love set just to show 'em. And I think he will show the whole tennis world that he has the match-winning ability to beat all comers before he has finished with the game. But first, as I have said before, he must, he must do something about his backhand.

Which reminds me, again, that there is a new star in America who possesses a backhand that was good enough to ace Von Cramm time and again in their encounter. It really seems hardly fair. Wasn't Budge's straight-down the line backhand enough for the present? Apparently not, for here is a 19-year-old colt from Oklahoma City, called Donald McNeill, taking a set off the German champion (who has been playing in his very best form, too) and leading four-three with a point for a five-three lead in the fourth set, too, before his opponent could get the upper hand. And you could not have a more significant tribute to this newcomer's play than that his vanquisher said after the match was over: "I'd hate to play him in three years' time."

There's another young American, a 19-year-old, too, to whom I should imagine that frank admission equally applies. His name is Riggs, and I sincerely hope that we shall see him over here next summer, because he sounds "the goods" all right. He has defeated Frankie Parker decisively in the last fortnight and squashed Bitsy Grant in the way that mosquitoes, tennis or otherwise, should be but so seldom are dealt with, and made Budge go the whole distance at a couple of tournaments before he could shake him off. I need hardly add that this new comet comes from California, too (what is there about this State that it produces such a crop of champions and stars of one sort and another? I suppose it is too late for a rabbit like myself to make the trip), and I remember Tilden prophesying a great future for him, when we had lunch together, over 12 months ago. Big Bill is given to enthusiasms, and, remembering his passion for Mrs. Mallory's play, I was inclined to take his eulogies with a pinch of salt. So many of his eggs have never hatched in the end, but this one certainly looks like turning out a prize cock, or do I mean gander? Anyway, there it is, and let us hope, I repeat, that the American L.T.A. will decide to send young Riggs over here next summer, because the one thing that keeps Wimbledon going is the expectation of new blood.

Incidentally, has it ever occurred to you, when you have been puzzled by the conflicting accounts of different players' form, of how they were devastating in one country, but completely collapsed in another, to consider that this may be due to the way in which varying playing conditions affect different types of technique? For instance, just as Molla Mallory used to come into her own at Forest Hills, so did our own Betty Nuthall surprise the whole tennis world by the way she stood up to Helen Wills Moody one year in the American championships. The reason given for this, I think I am right in stating, was that the heavier American ball suited the English girl's walloping drives, keeping them in court, where so often in this country they used to go sailing into the stop netting.

There is certainly no doubt that in our country the present standard type of ball is becoming increasingly difficult to keep in court, whatever the player's prowess, as it is usually blown up so fantastically tight that the least touch in the wrong direction and the rally is over. That's why the hit-or-miss game is so prevalent to-day; it simply does not pay to try to be subtle; for example, how many lob volleys have any chance of coming off? I don't care who the player is who attempts such a shot, he or she will see the ball sailing out of court in nine cases out of ten, and the tenth was probably a fluke into the bargain and not meant as a lob volley, but a stop-one instead!

But, seriously speaking, I do think it is only fair to take into account in any discussion as to the rival merits of a former generation of players compared with the present-day giants the fact that in those days, since speed had not yet become a fetish and hard-hitting the only criterion of style, there was as yet no need to blow the ball up to its present-day bursting point. I know the labourer who complains of his tools is immediately suspect, but, at the same time, I would like to think that before another big season starts again the authorities will go into a huddle about what a tennis ball's pressure really should be.

Incidentally, it might not do any harm, either, if the manufacturers got together and agreed, in their turn, to produce a ball that was less like a bullet and, instead, lasted longer in play.

At the moment of going to press Great Britain still had three representatives in the quarter finals of the American Singles Championships. These were C. E. Hare, Miss Kay Stammers and Miss R. M. Hardwick. Miss J. Ingram took Miss Helen Jacobs to three sets and 4-1 before Miss Jacobs recovered to win.



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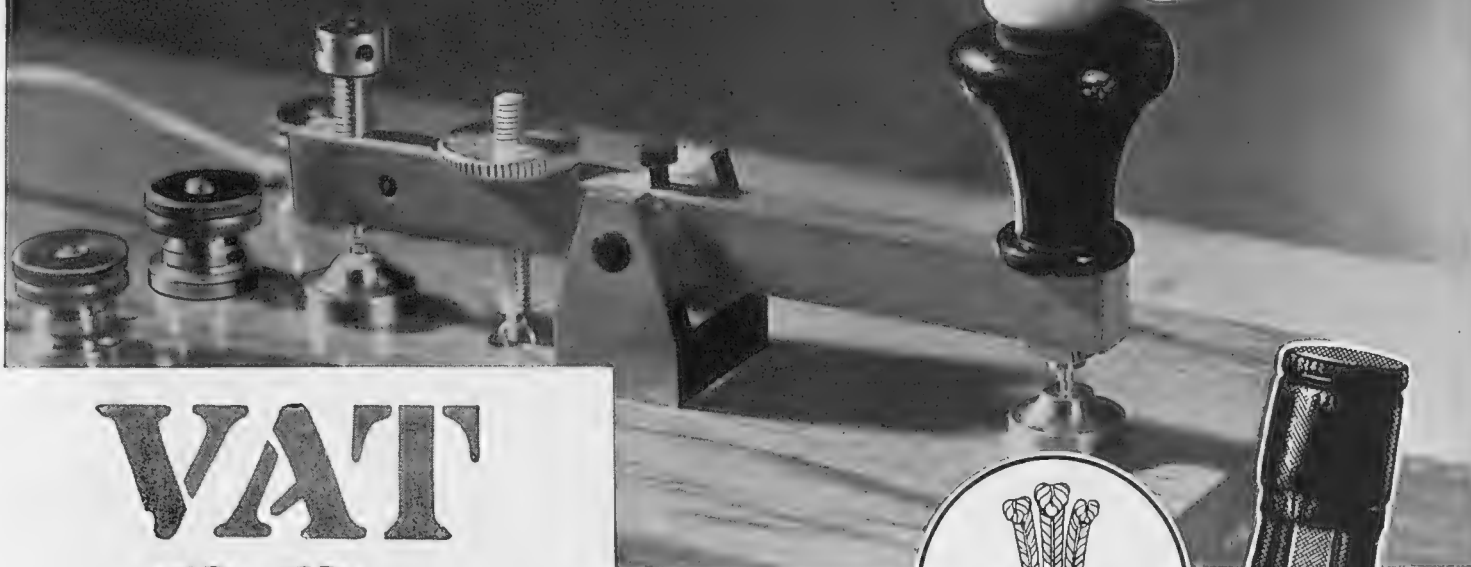
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By
M. E. Brooke



EVERY woman of dignified proportions knows that she looks well in a Mercia gown which has been designed and carried out on lines that flatter the figure of Dorothy Walker, on whom this firm model their day and evening gowns. They are of generous proportions, nevertheless they have a slimming effect and give that much-to-be-desired, though indefinable, attribute—poise. The dress on the right of this page is of wondrously beautiful lamé in which rust and the whole gamut of pheasant shades are seen in happy unison. The cape which completes the scheme is of velvet relieved with touches of lamé, and may be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the prospective wearer. The *chef d'œuvre* on the left is of a totally different character. Graceful lines and harmonious proportions are maintained, and although destined for the older woman it is endowed with an air of youth. It is just the dress that Eton and other schoolboys like to see their mothers wear; there is an indelible cachet about it. It is a study in pale blue and silver, cleverly silhouettes the figure and is partnered with a net cape relieved with the fabricating medium of the dress. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining Mercia gowns, a post card to this firm at 75, Wells Street will secure the name and address of the nearest agent

Picture by Blake



Yardley Lavender—the lovable fragrance in sprinkler bottles, stoppered bottles and decanters, 2/6 to 2 guineas, Yardley Lavender Soap—"The Luxury Soap of the World"—2/6 a box of three tablets, Lavender Face Powder 1/9, Complexion Cream 3/6, Bath Dusting Powder 3/6, Lavendomeal—the new bath luxury—3/- and 9/6. Prices do not apply in the I.F.S.

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YARDLEY



BY APPOINTMENT

LAVENDER

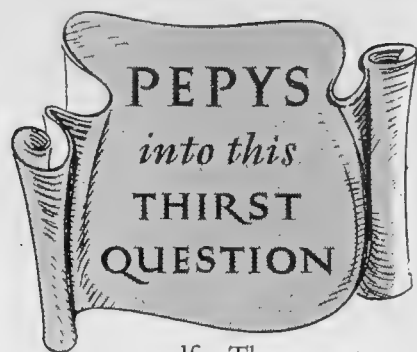
FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

APPARENTLY there is nothing that is of greater interest to women than the length of their skirts. These vary considerably; the consensus of opinion of those who are in a position to speak authoritatively is that women will take the matter into their own hands and wear just what suits them best. An attempt is being made to create a vogue for short skirts for the evening; they have the reverse of a slimming effect. There is the "kerchief," the four points of which rest on the ground, the "peacock," and the accepted favourite which clears the ground by about an inch. The lengthened hip-line is a new note that is sure to meet with success and so is the slanting neck-line. Quaint little coatees are regarded with favour; some are of velvet with fur basques and others of a very much glazed satin—said to be waterproof—showing a sprig pattern. Sequins are extensively used for decorative purposes; as a matter of fact, entire dresses are made of them as well as the accessories. They are supposed to reflect the colours seen in the fireworks at the Paris Exposition. Frankly, hats are eccentric this autumn, but nevertheless they are flattering. It is perhaps the Directoire influence that is most noticeable, although Spain, Russia and Africa have added their mite. There are many variations of the wimple veil; they are particularly intriguing



ALREADY in the mornings, ere the sun has broken through the clouds, there is more than a suggestion of frost in the air, so women are thinking of tailored suits for town and country wear. Naturally it is the house of Jay, Regent Street, that is discussed, as the suits for which they are responsible are perfectly practical and practically perfect. It is in the Ready-to-Wear-Department on the second floor that the ensembles portrayed on this page may be seen. The one on the left above consists of cardigan, skirt and long coat; it is indeed an excellent investment for fourteen and a half guineas. It is of lichen green tweed. The coat is lined with a heather mixture plaid, and this material makes the collar, revers, scarf and cuffs. On the right may be seen a suit for town wear, carried out in black angora relieved with an embroidered silk disc. The coat is generously trimmed with silver fox; then in the neighbourhood of the waist at the back is a series of horizontal tucks which emphasises the autumn silhouette. The dress has the new sleeve, which is gathered on the shoulders, while the buttons on the corsage are arranged diagonally. The scheme is completed with a belt in which suède and patent leather share honours; the price is thirty-seven guineas. Furthermore, the autumn catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent on application





PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION

SEPT. 1ST This evening came Mr. and Mrs. Falconer who fetched us to their house in Chelsey. A prodigious clamour of guests, and their friends proved little to my taste save a pretty, well-carriaged woman with a fine hand, beside whom I contrived at last to place myself. The repast scanty, and the game-pie contained no game, only bones of rabbits. Yet Mr. Falconer showed more sense than I thought he had, in proffering us Schweppes Tonic, a brave clean drink, a brisk and bubbling freshener of palates that be wearied. Which good deed somewhat atoned for his overheated room and ill-chosen company.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schwepes

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For the BRIDE



IT seems incredible that so much variety can be found in household linen. In the salons of Coulson, 105, New Bond Street, good taste is never sacrificed to novelty; the materials are exquisite, and when touches of colour are introduced they are harmonious and subtle. At the top of the page is a bath towel, available in many sizes, with a hand-coloured and fast-to-washing tulip design. Below are fine white Irish linen cambric sheets and pillow-cases with an appliqué wild rose design. Again, there are the linen top sheets and pillow cases, relieved with tinted satin appliqué. The linen and satin table set on the right is remarkably decorative, while the wondrous beauty of the lace and embroidery table mats set must be seen to be appreciated; the delicate stitchery is reminiscent of the needlework in which our ancestors delighted. The bedspread, pillow and quilt are made of a material which is exclusive to this firm; it is uncrushable, wears well and is seen in the loveliest of shades. Then comes the bath mat, merely half a guinea and made of candlewick, a perfect present for those who have to consider pounds, shillings and pence carefully

Picture by Blake



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MISS PRISCILLA LENDON

The elder daughter of the late Capt. P. B. Lendon, M.V.O., and Mrs. Lendon, of Springfield, Guildford, who is to marry Capt. E. Cobb, Royal Engineers, second son of the late Mr. W. H. Cobb, I.C.S., and Mrs. Cobb, of Oak House, Basingstoke

Court, Pontrilas, Herefordshire, on October 23. This wedding will be a quiet one.

Recently Engaged.

Captain C. E. H. Dolphin, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, son of the late Mr. Cyril Dolphin and of Mrs. d'Aubrey Taylor, of Bourne-mouth, and Diana Margaret, youngest daughter of Colonel W. A. T. Bowly, C.V.O., C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Bowly, The Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover. Captain R. A. Shebbeare, The Guides Cavalry, younger son of Major R. A. Shebbeare, D.S.O., Tadmarton, Banbury, and Frances Dare, daughter of Sir Lancelot Graham, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., Governor of Sind, and Lady Graham. Mr. R. Stewart Crawford, only son of Sir William and Lady Crawford, of Heath House, Turner Drive,

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Next Month.

Mr. A. H. Rocyn Jones, third son of Dr. and Mrs. Rocyn Jones, of Brynawelon, Llantarnam, Monmouthshire, will marry Miss Kathleen Mary Lee, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Colenbrander, of Durban. The marriage will take place on October 7 at St. Martin's-in-the-Veldt, Johannesburg, S.A. Mr. Michael Richardson will marry Miss Elizabeth Mary Barker, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Barker, of Dulas



MISS MARJORIE ESTRELLA TATTERSFIELD

Who is engaged to Mr. E. G. T. Morgan, only son of Dr. Edward Morgan and the late Mrs. Edward Morgan, of Aylsham House, North Walsham, Norfolk. Miss Tattersfield is the only daughter of the late Mr. Clifford Tattersfield and Mrs. Tattersfield, of Allerton Lodge, Harrogate Road, Leeds

N.W.11, and Mary Katharine, elder daughter of the late Mr. Eric Corbett and of Mrs. Corbett, Gorse Hill, Witley, Surrey. Lieutenant Walter Brian Stewart, Royal Artillery, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. S. Stewart, The Manor House, Verwood, Dorset, and Sybil Margaret, widow of Major T. A. Belben, Indian Army Re-

mount Department, a daughter of Sir James and Lady Roberts, of Dewas Senior, Central India. Mr. Stuart Murray Ingle-

dew, of Johannesburg, eldest son of Mr. Norman Murray Ingledeew and the late Mrs. Ingledeew, of Greenways, Lisvane, Cardiff, and Joan Suzanne, only child of Sir Robert Webber, J.P., D.L., and Lady Webber, Mathern Lodge, Penylan, Cardiff. Mr. J. K. Windeatt, The Devonshire Regiment, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. K. Windeatt, of Elmfield, Totnes, S. Devon, and Eileen Gilbey, elder daughter of the late Mr. E. M. Dowson and of Mrs. Dowson, of Old Church House, Silverton, Devon. Major O. O. Curtis, late 5/13 Frontier Force Rifles, younger son of the late Brigadier-General W. F. de H. Curtis, R.A., and Helen Georgina, only daughter of the late Mr. H. S. Cowdell and of Mrs. Cowdell, of Chobham. Mr. N. A. Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Campbell, West Dene, Sheringham, and Philippa Janet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. P. de Smidt, 20, Magdalen Road, Exeter.



MISS ELIZABETH RAYNER

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rayner's eldest daughter is engaged to Mr. Tom Welch, the younger son of Mr. T. Welch and the late Mrs. Welch, of The Grange, Timperley, Cheshire

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not find the right words to describe it, but you’ll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.

“NATURAL”—a medium shade—is a true, rich, blood colour. An asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty!

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CH. WOLVEY PINTAIL
The property of Mrs. Pacey



MINIATURE POODLE
The property of Mrs. Walpole Harvey

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

the white colour originally came from white Maltese dogs wrecked in the Spanish Armada. It is the fashion to laugh at this, but I can never see why. Anyway, the West Highlander is a handsome dog. Mrs. Pacey owns the foremost kennel of this variety, and has bred and shown many champions. Her dogs are remarkable for their type and the wonderful way they are put down. The photograph is of Ch. Wolvey Pintail, who was best in show at our show in 1936, also at the Joint Terrier Show, and is the mother of a wonderful litter by Ch. Wolvey Poacher. Mrs. Pacey usually has puppies and young stock for sale, all of the best breeding.

The Miniature Poodle is a delightful little dog, with all the Poodle's intelligence. Mrs. Walpole Harvey has owned a most famous kennel of Miniature Poodles, well known to anyone who has attended our shows. She does not now show as often as she used to, but still has a few of the highest class, as is obvious from the photograph. These charming little dogs always are much admired when shown.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

The Pointer and Setter Trial Season is over, with the exception of some Trials in Cornwall. It has on the whole been a season full of interest. Lorna Lady Howe has done very well this season, and the Championship was won by Mrs. Foot's Setter, F. T. Champion Beorcham Welcome, while Mrs. Nagle's Irish Setters have kept their flag flying. Mrs. Badenoch Nichols has also done well, and Miss Brooke. Lady Howe only added Pointers and Setters to her famous kennel a few years ago. She owns several outstanding dogs, chief of whom is F. T. Ch. Banchory Grouse, who won his title this year by his brilliant work. He is the only Pointer who is a F. T. Champion. Grouse won four stakes, including the North of Scotland Utility-Gundog Association Trials. Lady Howe owns the famous bitch, Stylish Jill, bred in Germany, and has imported a good dog from France, thereby doing the breed good service. Her dogs are handled by that great expert, Mr. T. Gaunt. Unfortunately, owing to ill-health, Lady Howe has not been able to see her dogs run this year. The group of Banchory Pointers and Setters, with Welsh, the kennelman, includes F. T. Ch. Northdyke Gamble, Banchory June and Bright of the Boreen.

The White West Highland Terrier is a most attractive dog, both in appearance and character. There is no doubt he is descended from the original Highland Terrier, from which the Cairn, the Scottie, and the Skye are descended, but they have all been developed on different lines. The Cairn and the West Highlander have still a certain affinity, and till a few years ago white Cairns were not uncommon. There is a story that



A GROUP OF WINNING POINTERS AND SETTERS

The property of Lorna Lady Howe



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IN THE NEWS

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POLO NOTES By "Serrefile"

That well-known American authority on polo, Mr. Peter Vischer, writing in the New York "Horse and Horseman" in 1936, had a few very straight-from-the-shoulder remarks to make about English polo as he saw it, and the reason why it lagged so far behind even what he called "the ordinary run of 20 goals play at Meadowbrook." He said, amongst other things, that we had nothing like enough grounds in London, the Mecca of every aspiring player in England, and he did not think very much of those we had, not even of the No. 1 ground at Hurlingham, which, he said, was "badly grassed, short, rough, and not really level." All that is not correct, only the last three words, for this ground is well grassed, not rough and not short. However, let that pass, for in the main Mr. Vischer was, and is, quite right: we have not got enough grounds and we have no all-weather ones, which we ought to have, considering our climate. He said that our grounds "make fast polo a miracle, not a custom; they enforce bad play; they wear down good players and discourage young ones," and he said further that, if our people were really as keen on polo as are the Americans, these defects would be remedied, and that it was all nonsense saying we had no money, because there is plenty of money, and that the reason why the people who have got it are not led to spend it on polo is because (a) there are not enough grounds upon which to practise, and (b) "the polo isn't good enough at the present time to encourage those who have real money to spend it on the game." Mr. Vischer said that a really good polo club "could easily be established some miles out of London to which players could go for real polo, in time perhaps building summer houses there, much as American players have built their houses in the neighbourhood of

Meadowbrook." Our American critic allows our weather as an appalling handicap, but he says, as I do, and have done, that we have no lack of good young players, but that the trouble is that they have so much against them: grounds, weather and lack of good instruction. The weather for aeons past has been our worst enemy and we shall never really progress till we get an all-weather ground. This brings me to the exact spot where I think it is a good thing to quote Mr. Vischer at some greater length, and it is his remarks upon "professionalism" which, I suggest, should engage us at this present juncture.

"Most of the British leaders" he wrote, "want to get rid of the so-called professionals, but some others have far more respect for the professionals than they have for their polo playing friends. A number of the difficulties that have arisen in London during the past few years have been caused, these rebels say, not by the professionals, but by the polo players themselves. Incidentally, the more far-sighted observers view the long, and not always diplomatic, campaign that has been waged against the professionals with considerable alarm in that it is tending to eliminate all teachers from the game."

"One reason why London has so few good young players to-day is that there are so few men available to teach them how to play—that is men who are first-class players themselves and who possess the special ability of imparting their knowledge to others."

The italics are mine. The polo correspondent of *The Times*, who I am sure is an earnest student of this game, plumps boldly for the recognition of professionalism and makes no bones about it. He is probably right, and that it is true that if we want it improved we have got to have our Henry Cottons and our Bobbie Joneses and our Hammonds and Hendrens and our Maskells at polo. As things are at the moment, the Hurlingham regulations as to what extent a player may be "assisted" are very generous. He can be mounted, put up, that is, I suppose, boarded and lodged, and have his club subscriptions paid. The only thing

(Continued on p. xvi)



AT MENTON: MRS. F. O. HODGKINSON AND JOHN

John Hodgkinson is undergoing preliminary instruction at the hands of his mother in the use of the surf-board. Though the shores of Menton are singularly devoid of surf, knowledge of the board will come in useful for aquaplaning and waterski-ing

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H. E. Symons, "The Sketch"

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*Mr. W. O. Bentley — and others.

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Polo Notes—continued from p. xiv

Hurlingham will not let him do is to sell his services at so much a yard. Almost everything else he may do excepting, I suppose, have his tailor's and bootmaker's bills paid for him; but even if they were I do not suppose there would be very much said.

The big issue is the one raised by Mr. Peter Vischer: "There are so few men available to teach," and it would be possible to put it a bit higher and assert that "even if there were, they might shy off doing it, whether by personal tuition or by writing instructional books, for fear of deepening the already existing suspicion that they are *de facto* professionals." A lot of people know that this is actually the case and that the fear of being stopped, because they are professionals, that is to say, people who could not play at all unless "assisted," causes them to tread so delicately. There are very few people in England who are both fully competent to teach, and who actually do so because they are so much above suspicion that they can afford to do so. Perhaps the best example is the author of the "striking" chapter in the Lonsdale Library Polo Book, "Marco," of "Introduction to Polo" fame, and also author of that admirable booklet on umpiring recently referred to in these notes. But we want more teachers and we want them badly. We shall not get them unless we allow polo professionals. Excellent as is the study of books, something more is needed and it is only by actual practice under skilled instruction that anything even approaching perfection can be achieved. How is the learner to do this unless he can command a teacher? If the amateur is afraid of losing his amateur status if he teaches, how can Mr. Neophyte get any forrarder? If he is opulent he can run his own side and include in it some first-class preceptors; but this will not solve the

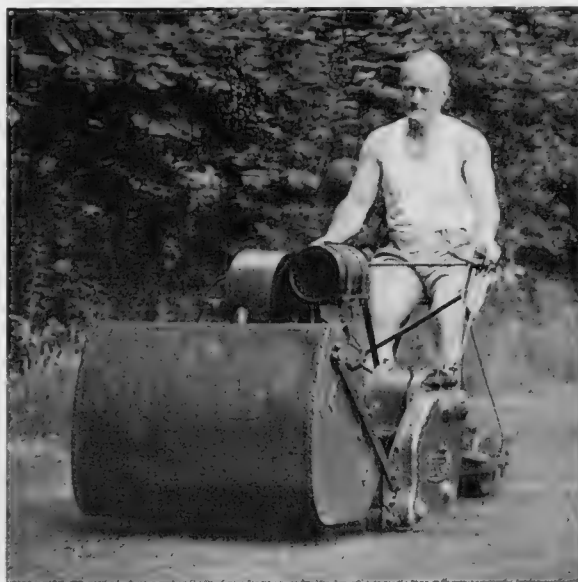
main difficulty of teaching the Young Idea *en masse*. If, however, every club had a first-class professional, Mr. Neophyte and his friends might have a far better chance of getting individual tuition. Some of the more fortunate do, but only by the means just indicated, that is, running their own side and taking care to have included in it a school-master of high attainments.

If people find it necessary to have expert instruction, plus slow-motion cinema records to teach them how to hit a golf ball, a tennis ball, a cricket ball, or even a croquet ball, is it not possible that they may need similar instruction in the even more difficult art of hitting a polo ball? The "platform" is nothing like as stable, and the opportunities for practice not so easy to obtain.

People who have read "Marco's" chapter on "striking" have increased their length, *i.e.*, from impact to the point where the ball pitches, by forty or fifty yards ere now. How to hit a polo ball needs just as much study as how to hit a golf ball. Brute strength of itself is no use. In the course of that excellent chapter "Marco" wrote:—

The Ideal Stroke.—The success of a stroke depends on how perfectly the correct swing can be made in the correct plane, and at the correct time

This extract from "Marco's" book has been picked almost at random, but the main object is to demonstrate that in stroke production alone there is a vast deal to learn. Mr. Peter Vischer has told us we have not got enough instructors. Of course he is right, and it may be that we shall have to institute a professional school. No one seems to lose caste playing as an international in a cricket side in which professionals are included: more than 50 per cent. of the county sides are professional. Hurlingham lets people who are openly called "hired assassins" have everything paid excepting an actual fee per match.



AN IMPORTANT FIGURE IN THE SCOUTING MOVEMENT: MR. J. S. WILSON

Mr. Wilson, formerly a high official of the Calcutta police, has been for some fifteen years past Camp Chief of the Boy Scouts Imperial Headquarters at Gilwell Park. Last month he was one of three recipients of the Order of the Bronze Wolf for his services to world Scouting. He is a son of the late Dean Wilson of Edinburgh

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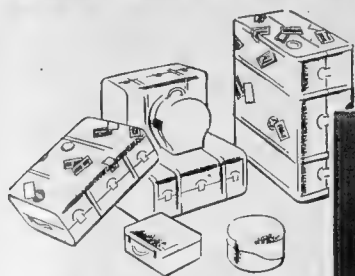
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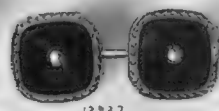
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Visitors to Radiolympia found many new departures in the development of all-wave receivers and television sets, but the honours in the realm of music went to a remarkable new organ which was played daily by Donald Thorne and Harry Farmer. This instrument is the new Hammond Organ upon which the tones are produced by electric impulses instead of by air pressure. It can fill the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (where one is already installed) with tones of great nobility and sweetness, yet it will stand in the corner of a medium-sized room! Its size, however, has no bearing upon its capabilities. The dynamic range of its swell pedal, for example, is approximately three times that of any pipe organ and



AT THE BRITISH TUNNY CLUB'S HEADQUARTERS

Victor Hey

On the left of the picture is Mrs. O'Halloran, who is the niece of Colonel Peel, who was one of the founders of the Tunny Club and its first President. He is seen next, then Paterson Bey, Chief of Police in that exciting spot, Alexandria, and Captain O'Halloran, who is a Gunner. They were on the point of departure in Colonel Peel's yacht, *St. George*, for a four days' trip in search of the big fish

conversely, its voice can be reduced to a barely audible whisper—far softer than any other organ.

With the object of indicating to motorists the many quieter and more pleasurable ways of getting from place to place than by busy congested routes, Price's, makers of Motorine Oils, have published a set of sectional maps covering the whole of England and Wales in a neat folder called "Quiet-Way Motoring Maps." They are planned to take the motorist to his destination by other routes than those which he would normally use, and will take him through countryside which he can view with comfort for the most part by roads which are little used by motor traffic. The routes have been carefully chosen by the R.A.C. The set of maps complete with folder is priced at 5s., post free, and is obtainable only

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On September 20, at the Richmond Theatre, there will be produced the première of a play entitled *False Horizon*, by Ralph de Pomerai, a local playwright, and incidentally, the treasurer of the Richmond Theatre Club. The locale of the play is laid in the Malay States with which part of the world the author is very familiar, having served as a Government official out there for some years.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week 1066 *And All That* is being presented, and on Monday next *The Grand Duchess* from Daly's Theatre will be presented with Enid Cruikshank and Richard Goolden (Mr Penny, of the B.B.C.) in the cast

The first modern story to be filmed entirely in technicolor, *A Star is Born*, which features Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, opened at the Tivoli last Monday, September 13. The supporting cast includes Adolphe Menjou, May Robson, Lionel Stander and Andy Devine.

The picture has an original screen story concerning a country girl (Janet Gaynor) who goes to Hollywood determined to be a screen actress. She faces the terrific odds of 100,000 to 1 against any such eventuality and her early experiences are very discouraging. She has come to the coast in face of opposition from her narrow-minded family, but with the encouragement of her grandmother (May Robson), who has told her that the only way to get what you want is to go out after it.

Down to her last few cents she gets a job as an extra waitress at a Hollywood party through her friendship with Andy Devine, an unimportant assistant director. She attempts to impress some of the guests with her acting ability without any success at all, but unexpectedly attracts the attention of Norman Maine (Fredric March), a big star, whose bouts of drinking, however, are endangering his continued success. Fredric March takes a great interest in the girl and argues Adolphe Menjou, his producer, into giving her a test. The test is successful, and in the end all is well. She goes through a thorough grooming and is given the chance of starring in a new picture.

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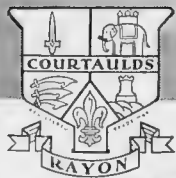
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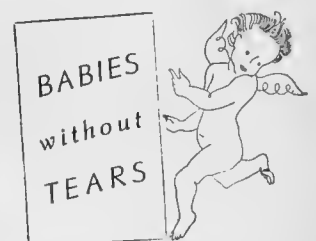
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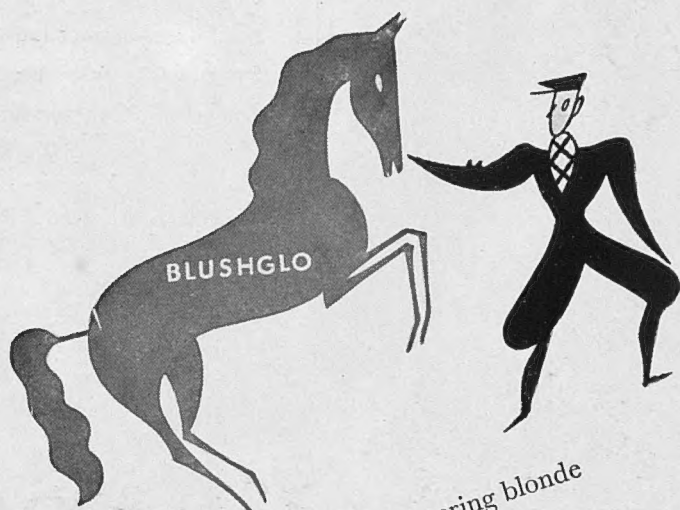
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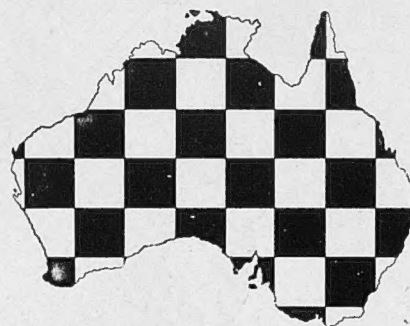
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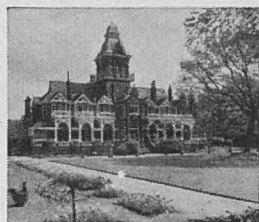
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